Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2011 with funding from
E-Yearbook.com

http://www.archive.org/details/nassauherald1900coll

Gc 974.902 P93prd 1900
Princeton University. Senior Class.
The Nassau herald of the class of ... of Princeton

T O.

Jewelers to College Men

Designs and es ernity Pins
Class Rings, Class Cups, Fraternity Stationery, &c.

WATCHES FOR GRADUATES

THE MOVEMENTS OF TIFFANY & CO.'S WATCHES are constructed upon the most advanced scientific methods and are guaranteed timekeepers. The casings are all of the best and most refined forms, making each watch a perfect example of its particular style

WATCHES IN EIGHTEEN KARAT GOLD CASES

Open-face, upward from $60
Hunting-case, upward from $65
Extra-flat, open-face, upward from $110

TIMING WATCHES FOR COLLEGE SPORTS

SINGLE CHRONOGRAPHS

Sterling silver, $35
Eighteen karat gold, $100

SPLIT-SECOND CHRONOGRAPHS

Sterling silver, $80
Eighteen karat gold, $125, $200, $225, $400

CHRONOLOGY

1837. Tiffany & Young
259 Broadway, New York

1841. Tiffany, Young & Ellis
259–60 Broadway, New York

1847. Tiffany, Young & Ellis
271 Broadway, New York

1850. Tiffany, Reed & Co.
Paris, France

1853–4 Tiffany & Co
550 Broadway, New York

1861. Tiffany & Co.
550–2 Broadway, New York

1868. Tiffany & Co.
London, England

1870-1900. Tiffany & Co.
Union Square, New York

CORRESPONDENCE INVITED

TIFFANY & CO.

Union Square, NEW YORK

Form 1011—April 23, 1900.

Attaining and Retaining

Are two very different things. Many men *attain* wealth—very few *retain* it. The *best time* to commence retaining wealth is when you are young. One of the *best ways* of retaining wealth is by means of an Endowment Policy in the EQUITABLE. One man who invested in such a policy twenty years ago writes regarding it now, and gives his views in a very ingenious way:

"Twenty years ago, when I took out my Endowment Policy, the premium looked to me like this:

$47.68,

while the Endowment, looked at from a distance of twenty years, appeared like this:

$1,000.

This year my policy matures, and coming just when I need money. The result of my policy looks like this:

$1,467.25.

While looking back, and realizing that they are amounts that would be saved in no other way, this is the appearance the premiums have:

$47.68."

If you would like an illustration of such a policy issued at your age, a line to the undersigned will secure it.

THE EQUITABLE

Life Assurance Society of the United States.

EISELE & KING,

Managers for New Jersey,

S. J. KING,
Special Agent.

Lawyers' Building,
164 Market Street, Newark, N. J

FOWNES'

Famous Grip Driving

GLOVE

U.S. Pat. 548,541, October 22, 1895.

The most practical glove yet invented for retaining a firm hold of the reins.

The Grip is a perfect Riding or Driving Glove, being made on an entirely new principle.

To be obtained of all first-class retailers throughout the country.

ESTABLISHED 1777.

New York Law School,

NEW YORK CITY.

"Dwight Method" of Instruction.

Day School, 35 Nassau St. Evening School, 9 W. 18th St.

Summer School (Eight Weeks, June-August), 35 Nassau Street.

Degree of LL.B. after two years' course; of LL.M. after three years' course. Prepares for bar of all States. Number of students for the past year (1898-'99) **781,** of whom **294** were college graduates. The method of study pursued aims to give the student a thorough knowledge of **legal principles** and of the **reasons** upon which they rest, and to render him well equipped for the practice of his profession.

The location of the School—in the midst of the courts and lawyers' offices—affords also an invaluable opportunity to gain a knowledge of court procedure and the practical conduct of affairs.

Send for catalogue explaining Dwight Method, courses of study, etc., to

GEORGE CHASE, DEAN,
35 Nassau Street.

The CLASS PINS,

BADGE PINS,

FRATERNITY BADGES,

STATIONERY FOR SOCIETIES,

made by this Company are unsurpassed for design and finish.

Attention is directed to the beauty of the enamel work.

Prices are reasonable—Insignia always satisfactory.

The Bailey, Banks & Biddle Co.

Chestnut and Twelfth Streets,
Philadelphia.

$HORTHAND

IF YOU have to make your own way in the world and want a start in some good house, we can prepare you for business and get employment for you. Bookkeeping, Banking, Correspondence, Penmanship, Stenography, Typewriting, Telegraphy and Preparatory Departments. Instruction BY MAIL or personally

The best equipment for boys and girls, young men and women, who expect to enter commercial life is a course of study at

POUGHKEEPSIE, N.Y. Eastman NATIONAL Business College

or the

New York Business Institute

81 E. 125th St., New York, N. Y.

Such a course may be completed in from three months to a year, and at comparatively small expense ($100).

These schools have earned the highest reputation because

1. Their patrons, many of whom have experimented with other schools, say THEY ARE THE BEST.
2. They make faithful teaching and conscientious service their chief claim to merit.
3. They are thoroughly equipped and ably managed.
4. They not only train for practical work but always secure situations for graduates of their Business and Shorthand Courses. They offer

$5 REWARD to any one for first information of a vacancy for a Bookkeeper, Stenographer, Teacher, Clerk or Telegraph Operator which they succeed in filling, and supply competent assistants to business men without charge. Refer to Bankers, Merchants and prominent patrons in almost every county in the United States. If you are seeking employment and willing to study, send five two-cent stamps for five easy lessons (by mail) in Shorthand.

Call or write for our publications. You will find their suggestions very helpful. Beautiful Catalogue free.

or Address, CLEMENT C. GAINES, M.A., B.L.
81 East 125th Street, New York.
Poughkeepsie, New York.

BOOKKEEPING

The Princeton Inn,

Princeton, New Jersey.

ERECTED BY THE ALUMNI IN 1893.

A charming resort, situated in a wooded park of seven acres, in the midst of the beautiful University town. Heated throughout with steam and open wood fires.

Special rates for guests staying by the week during fall and winter seasons.

ARTHUR BAVE,
Manager.

J. F. NEWMAN,

19 JOHN STREET, NEW YORK CITY,

Badges, Medals,
Fraternity and Society Emblems.

Exclusive attention given to the finest grades of gold, silver and jeweled work. Designs and estimates on application.

The Study of Science

Is fascinating to all those who engage in it. All students are naturally enthusiastic on the subject, and eagerly read whatever literature concerning it that they can secure. In the **Scientific American** they have an up-to-date Library and Book of Reference on all scientific subjects. It is a weekly publication devoted to the interests of scientists, engineers, mechanics, electricians, manufacturers, inventors, chemists, students, &c., and contains educational information even for those who are far advanced in the various sciences. No other publication in the world gives so much authentic information for all classes. It is the world's standard authority on all matters pertaining to science. $3.00 yearly, $1.50 half yearly, $1.00 for four months. ☞*Send Check, Draft, Postal Order, or Express Money Order to*

MUNN & CO., Publishers, 361 Broadway, NEW YORK CITY.

OTIS

ELEVATOR COMPANY,

71 Broadway, NEW YORK.

277 Dearborn St., CHICAGO.

Branch Offices.

19 Corcoran Building,	Washington, D. C.
112–118 Church Street,	Buffalo, N. Y.
Powers Block,	Rochester, N. Y.
First National Bank Building,	New Haven, Ct.
Mills Building,	San Francisco, Cal.
339 Fifth Avenue,	Pittsburg, Pa.
204 St. James Street,	Montreal.
24 Front Street, East,	Toronto.

Sales Agents.

Whittier Machine Co.,	Boston, Mass.
Stokes & Parrish Elevator Co.,	Phila., Pa.

OTIS ELEVATOR CO., Ltd.

LONDON. PARIS.

BALDWIN LOCOMOTIVE WORKS

ESTABLISHED 1831.

Annual Capacity, One Thousand

LOCOMOTIVE ENGINES

Adapted to every variety of service and built accurately to standard gauges and template. Like parts of different engines of same class perfectly interchangeable.

Single Expansion and Compound Locomotives; Electrical Locomotives; Broad and Narrow Gauge Locomotives; Mine Locomotives by Steam or Compressed Air; Plantation Locomotives; Noiseless Motors for Street Railways, &c.

Burnham, Williams & Co.,

PROPRIETORS,

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

L. H. JOHNSON,

METROPOLITAN DECORATOR,

11 S. Warren Street, Trenton, N. J.

Flags, Buntings, Flowers and Plants. Porches enclosed with canvas and canopy for weddings and parties.

The Fisk Teachers' Agencies.

EVERETT O. FISK & CO., PROPRIETORS.

4 Ashburton Place, Boston, Mass. 156 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.
1505 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D. C.

378 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill. 25 King Street, West, Toronto, Can.
414 Century Building, Minneapolis, Minn.

730 Cooper Building, Denver, Colo. 525 Stimson Block, Los Angeles, Cal.
420 Parrott Building, San Francisco, Cal.

Send to any of the above agencies for Agency Manual. Correspondence with employers is invited. Registration forms sent to teachers on application.

WM. H. DIXON,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

17 South Ninth Street,

Novel Designs.
Exclusive Styles.
Limited to Individual Lengths.

opp. P. O. entrance,

PHILADELPHIA.

ESTABLISHED 1885.

ROBERT STOLL,

MAKER OF

Fine Gold, Silver and Bronze Medals and Badges.

CLASS PINS A SPECIALTY.

Diamonds, Watches and Jewelry. The largest manufacturer of Sporting and Presentation Trophies in the United States.

All work made from special design, which will be furnished free upon application.

Office—Anderson Building, 12–14–16 John Street,

NEW YORK.

Factory—19 John Street. Telephone Connection.

All work warranted as represented.

PEIRCE SCHOOL

"To-day the young man who graduates from college and who enters business without going through a business school, is enormously hampered in his progress through life," said Honorable Chauncey M. Depew in his address to the graduating class of Peirce School in 1892. Those who intend to follow the professions, no less than those embarking in commercial vocations, should consider his words and take a course at the leading American business school, where they will receive just that training which is necessary to success in modern business life.

Peirce School has now reached its 35th year of continual progress, with constantly increasing attendance and ever-growing popularity. Send for catalogue, or call at the office of the school. Visitors always welcome.

PEIRCE SCHOOL,
Record Building, 917–919 Chestnut Street,
PHILADELPHIA.

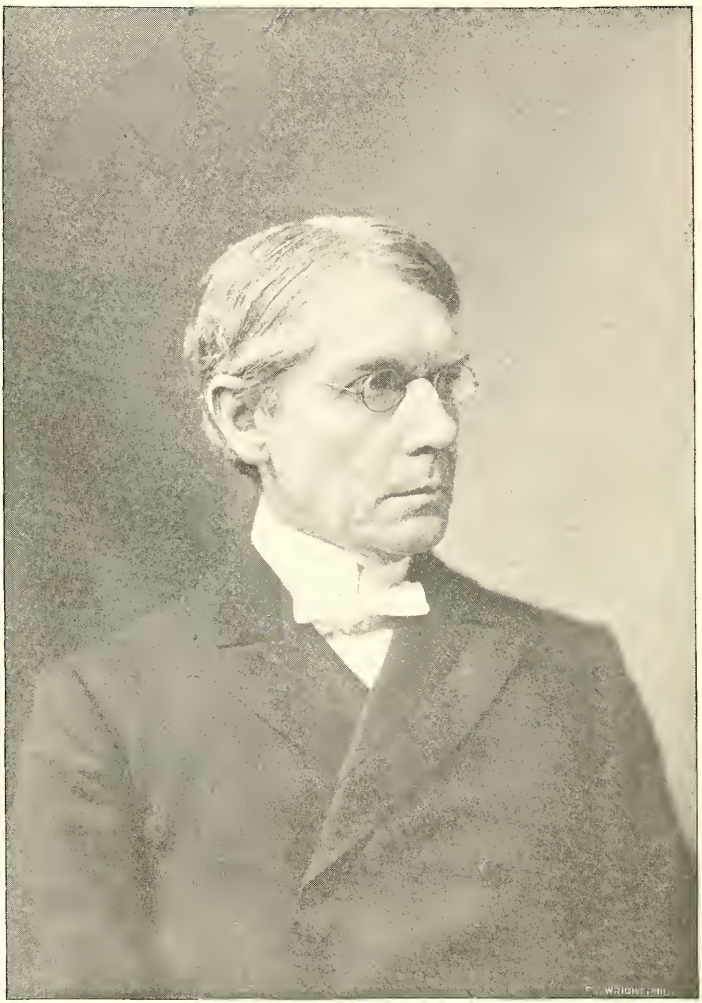
LAMBERT

Clothier and Men's Outfitter,

39 and 41 Cortlandt Street,

New York.

Also at New Haven, Conn.



THE

NASSAU HERALD

OF THE

CLASS OF 1900

OF

Princeton University.

NUMBER XXXVI.

EDITORS

EDWIN D. DE WITT, N. J.
E. EDMUND JONES, Pa.
JAMES A. WHITE, Pa.
HARRY S. ZIMMERMAN, Pa.

Class-Day, June 11th, 1900.

Allen County Public Library
900 Webster Street
PO Box 2270
Fort Wayne, IN 46801-2270

This Book was printed at the "State Gazette" establishment
by

The John L. Murphy Publishing Co.,

Artistic Printers,

Blank Book Makers, Book and Job Printers, Stationers, Stereotypers, &c.,

Trenton, New Jersey.

SALUTAMUS.

TO THE CLASS OF 1900
IS MOST CORDIALLY DEDICATED
THIS LITTLE VOLUME
WITH ITS TREASURED MEMORIES OF
"THE DAYS THAT ARE NO MORE."

THE EDITORS.

"The path by which we twain did go,
Which led by tracts that pleased us well,
Thro' four sweet years arose and fell,
From flower to flower, from snow to snow:

"And we with singing cheer'd the way,
And, crown'd with all the season lent,
From April on to April went,
And glad at heart from May to May:

* * * * * *

"And all we met was fair and good,
And all was good that Time could bring,
And all the secret of the Spring
Moved in the chambers of the blood;

"And many an old philosophy
On Argive heights divinely sang,
And round us all the thicket rang
To many a flute of Arcady."

—*Tennyson.*

THE EDITORS DESIRE TO EXPRESS THEIR OBLIGATION TO

Mr. PENRHYN STANLEY ADAMSON, 1901,

FOR THE DESIGN OF THE COVER.

CLASS APPOINTMENTS.

Owsley Brown, Ill., ... *President*
Herbert Wheeler, Pa., ... *Vice President*
Frederick P. King, Pa., ... *Secretary*
William H. Edwards, N. Y., ... *Master of Ceremonies*
D. Laurance Chambers, D. C., ... *Class Orator*
B. Gwynne Huntington, O., ... *Class Poet*
Joseph A. Jones, N. J., ... *Ivy Orator*
Charles Yeomans, N. J., ... *Historian*
Elroy Curtis, D. C., ... *Prophet*
Charles H. Stuart, Ind., ... *Presentation Orator*
Charles D. Cleghorn, Minn., ... *Washington's Birthday Orator*
John B. Kelly, D. C., ... *Class of '76 Prize Debater*

NASSAU HERALD COMMITTEE.

Edwin D. De Witt, N. J.
E. Edmund Jones, Pa.
James A. White, Pa.
Harry S. Zimmerman, Pa.

CLASS ODE COMMITTEE.

Louis B. de Witt, N. Y.
Roger Knox, Pa.
Robert Oglesby, Pa.

MEMORIAL COMMITTEE.

James R. Dickson, Pa.
Clarence A. Hastings, N. Y.
Henry Hipple, Pa.
William C. McKee, Pa.
Worrall F. Mountain, N. J.

CLASS-DAY COMMITTEE.

Livingston L. Biddle, Pa.
Edmund S. Burke, Jr., N. Y.
Walter C. Carroll, Md.
John W. Converse, Pa.
Frank W. Jarvis, Pa.
Harry R. Lathrope, Pa.
James H. F. Moffatt, Md.
Arthur Poe, Md.
Walter H. Watkins, Tenn.
Walter C. Booth, Conn.
Charles E. Burr, 3d, O.
T. W. Cloney, Mo.
A. R. T. Hillebrand, Ia.
Frederick W. Kafer, N. J.
George Lathrope, Pa.
Charles E. Otis, N. Y.
George Ross, Pa.
Preston Witherspoon, Md.
William Van Buskirk, N. Y.

Established 1818

BROOKS BROTHERS,

Broadway, cor. 22d Street, New York City.

Clothing and Furnishing Goods

READY-MADE AND MADE TO MEASURE.

Garments for all seasons and every occasion—work or play—indoors and out.

Flannels for Golf, Tennis, and all outing purposes.
Equipments for Riding, Polo or the Hunt.

Covert Coats, Raglans, Sandowns, Riding Breeches, Red Coats, Shetland Waistcoats and Sweaters.

Valises, Kit Bags, Shirt Cases, Caddy Bags, Luncheon and Tea Baskets, Holster Cases, Riding Whips, Crops, Twigs, &c.

Liveries for Carriage, House or Club—Special designs for private Automobiles.

Everything usual in Furnishings—much unusual.

These are simply selections—our booklet mentions all and illustrates many.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY ORATION.

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF GEORGE WASHINGTON.

CHARLES DALTON CLEGHORN.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, FELLOWS—To-day, as some of you may know, is the 22d of February. George Washington was born to-day, and I often think how clever he was to appear after the cessation of midyear hostilities. It is different now—lots of fellows disappear after midyears, some to come back in a week or two, others to return the next fall and join the ranks of the class coming after. Before I go deeper into the metaphysical aspects of my subject, however, I wish to submit to you the following notice which has been given me for publication: "Stony Brook 'Harvest Home.' Among the speakers, Prof. W. Brokaw Bamford, Esq., on War Experiences in Porto Rico." Prof. Bamford was only one of the many brave soldiers who went to the front from our class. There was Corporal Voorhees who bravely repelled the blood-thirsty Spaniard, armed with the company cooking utensils, and there was our President, Ike Brown (and,

by the way, I feel highly honored by the flattering reference he has just made concerning me). Could you imagine Ike Brown, who was so modest as to try to keep his picture out of the *Bric-a-Brac*, leading the guns of the Penn. Light Artillery to their position on the forward hatch of Transport No. Umpty-ump?

Did you ever hear any of Bill Edwards' experiences in the Infirmary? He waged a little war there all by himself against the nurses. Perhaps you would not believe it to look at him, but Bill had the measles Freshman year, and he and I were in the same room at the Infirmary. Oh, no! I did not have the measles. Well, Bill got delirious and he was bound he would get out in the hall where it was light, and read a letter some girl in Tren——, or some girl had written him, while the nurses were bound he should stay in bed. So the war began. Every few minutes Bill would run out in the hall, triumphantly bearing the letter towards a gas-jet or window, but, before he could reach either, the nurses would start the pursuit, and how Bill would run for his bed. They tried to keep him in it with safety-pins and every other infantile contrivance, but nothing daunted Bill but a trained nurse, and I would venture to say he was more afraid of one of them than of the whole Yale rush line.

Our Glee Club took a trip not so very long since, and among the heelers was one Artie Poe, who had his picture on every program. On one of the many occasions when a young lady asked her escort, with great excitement, to point out Artie, this remark was heard, "Why, is that Poe? That dirty little man, who looks as if he had not washed for a week?" Somehow it is always the little fellows who are the big men. It was way back in Sophomore year that Stump Stuart, having just won a golf match or something, was feeling very gay, and this gaiety being increased by some goods purchased at a liquid emporium, Stump was

seized with the idea that he was a cavalryman, and insisted on Cecil Griffen getting down on hands and knees while Stump rode him piggy-back with true military bearing. This happened up in University Hall, that scene of so many studious evenings, and it was in the same building that Waggaman started his photographic career. Waggy was quite mad on the subject; in fact, he was so keen for taking photos. that he made a tour of University Hall one night armed with an alarm-clock, which, in his warped imagination, he conceived to be a camera. Every inmate of the hall had to stand before its face and have his picture taken while the alarm was being set off. I have never seen any of the finished pictures, but Waggy assures me that they are works of art.

There is one man in our class who for inconsistencies of Nature exceeds all others. That man is Wedge Dean. He wears No. 12½ boots, while 6½ is the mark inside his hat-band. You should hear Dean tell, in his own peculiar way, about that quart bottle of sherry he bought and drank all alone and of the dream he had afterwards.

A moment ago I saw Kid Stuart looking at me with expectant gaze. No, I have not forgotten you in your sorrow. No doubt you are still brooding over the loss of those two $10 bills which were so deftly extracted by delicate lady fingers from your hat and which were as deftly replaced by two $1 bills. You should draw a moral from that, never to use your hat as your purse. However, you had something to start on. That is more than can be said for Tuck Dewitt and Col. Knight when they went to New York to the Grant's Tomb Celebration. They had only $1 between them, and they spent that as soon as they landed in New York, having dead-headed their way that far on freight trains, &c. Even then Col. Knight might have turned an honest penny by osculatory exercises, for I heard a young lady, who surely ought to know, remark the other

day that Col. Knight was "so sweet, and clean and kissable." But Tuck's presence forbade this their only way of making money, so they bummed about all day, slept in a free lunch house, and were thrown out of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, where they tried to wash their hands in the morning. They saw the celebration just the same, though they had to walk all the way from the Tomb to Cortlandt street because they didn't have a car fare between them. Speaking of being stranded in New York, reminds me of the time Freddy Scott went over to take his girl to the theatre. All the money he had was in the shape of a check, and he went all over town trying to get it cashed, but he couldn't. So there was only one course open, and he took it. Would you believe it, he had the unlimited nerve to go to his girl's house and ask her to give him the money to take her to the play with. I'll bet he felt like 30 cents. And by the same scale I guess Norris Miller felt like about 13 cents when he came back to College a year ago. Miller thought he was quite a shark on constitutional law, and he tried to impress some points as to the rights of Congress on a gentleman he met on the train. You know Miller has a way of shaking his finger at you, and he "not infrequently" told the gentleman "in question" some of the "very obviously" fine points of the subject in a rather decided manner. Just as the two parted company at Philadelphia, this gentleman turned and said: "Of course, Mr. Miller, I don't know very much about this subject of the rights of Congress, but as a member from Wisconsin, I have held a seat in that body for six years, and I feel moderately sure of my ground."

By the way, has anyone heard if Harry Lathrop has recovered from the effects of that cigar he tried to smoke in Philla. awhile ago? He should have known enough to have waited until the quartet was through singing for the evening, or else he should have started in on one of those

"weak" cigars that Cap Kafer habitually calls for at Snook's. But, ladies and gentlemen, please don't take these two men as examples of our class. We have more real sports than one would at first imagine, although I am sorry to say we lost one of our leaders in that line when, on coming back from Trenton one night, Bummy Booth remarked that he had turned down the last page of his sporting life. But we still have some generals left. Doc Hillebrand said, I believe, that there were no stories to tell on him, but if he really did not want to hear any, he should have gone to Florida as he announced his intention of doing after he had made, as he said one time, a much maligned beast of burden of himself. Perhaps when the infant Miss Taylor, that noted New York belle, said the two nicest men she knew were Doc Hillebrand and Toot Hendrickson, Doc decided to stay North and be near this complimentary young person.

Much has been said of late years of the Heavenly Twins, but it is not generally known that we have the originals here in college. They are Tommy Snyder and Buss Boyd. No, they do not look alike. Far from it. But I will try to show you they are trying to grow alike. For some instances, Tommy skates into a hole in the ice and is nearly drowned. Buss follows up and skates into the same hole. Then, last year Boyd bought a new wheel, and instead of getting a '99 model got a '96 one, just to "have one like Tommy's;" and a few days ago Boyd was found with a needle, making a sore spot on his hand so as to have one like Tommy got working in the gymnasium.

Before I forget it, I wish to read you this notice which appeared in the *Printsanything* a week or so since: "There will be a meeting of all men interested in forming a brass band to-night at 8 o'clock, in 15 S. M. R." I was unable to attend the meeting, but I understand it was successfully carried on by two scared Freshmen and about twenty Sen-

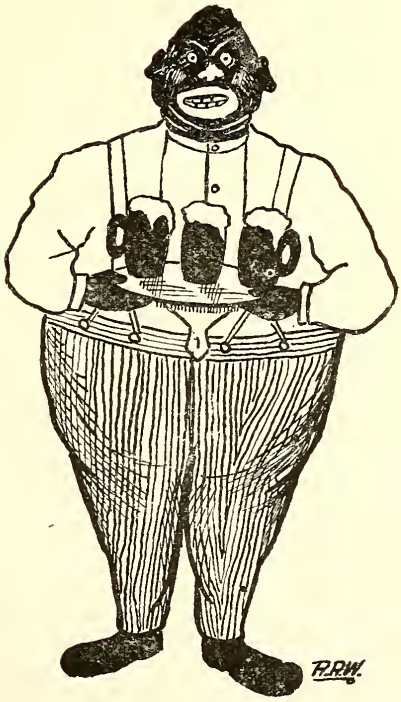
iors with tin horns. Still Sam Scott did not think there were enough present to warrant the formation of the band, and there will be another meeting in Sam's room to-night at 11 o'clock, when I hope there will be a large attendance.

Right here I wish also to state that the fair-haired, youthful-looking and boyish-appearing person who attended the groom at the recent Vanderbilt wedding was no other than our classmate John P. Kellogg. I have it on the best authority that this hitherto obscure identity has been well established.

I have some sad news to impart to you. My roommate, Imer Embury, is engaged. This fact dawned upon us one evening a short time ago, just after Imer had returned from a short visit to New York. A party of us were walking down Nassau street, and, when we reached the dog-wagon, Embury rushed in and yelled to the attendant for a hamless bone sandwich. Quicker than I can tell it he emerged from the opposite door with a bound, but one generated by feet other than his own, still grasping, to his credit be it said, in his hand and mouth the sandwich. I would like to ask any fair-minded person among you if a man who was not engaged could have thought of asking for such a thing as a hamless bone sandwich? My roommate is one of that species of civil engineers that we keep in one of our buildings yonder, and another of the tribe is Ralph Poole. Last year, one time, Poole got an examination paper in Physics handed back marked 98%. When he opened the paper, Poole found the first question marked 8 out of a possible 10, so he went to the Professor, and said: "Professor, I see this first question is marked only 8, and I think it should have been 10, giving me a grade of 100." The Professor looked at it and admitted it should have been marked 10. "But wait," he said, "let us look over the rest of the paper," and, before he had gone very far, he added: "Why, Mr. Poole, there has been some mistake

here. This paper should have been marked 47% instead of 98%."

As I feared, the time allowed me for this lecture has already elapsed and I have been able to give you a mere introduction to my subject. However, it will be continued in our next.



SALUTATORY.

WILLIAM HANFORD EDWARDS.

THERE IS NOTHING which goes towards making our Commencement so complete, nothing which brings our college life to a close in a more fitting manner than to see here this morning the parents and many friends of the Class of 1900. To many of you, Princeton is for the first time revealing itself in all its glory. I trust that before the exercises of Commencement are over, you will have caught the spirit which pervades this dear place, and, in a way, you will understand how precious these closing days are to us.

We realize deeply, this morning, that our undergraduate life is fast drawing to a close. The thought of breaking away from the associations and friendships which bind us so closely together only makes Princeton seem the dearer to us. To-day we stand at the helm of this great University. Ours is a sacred trust, that of conducting the affairs of Princeton, and from each one of us it calls for nothing short of our very best efforts. This morning we welcome you here to listen to the orations. Our class has always been a strong class intellectually, and we take great pleasure in presenting to you our Commencement Orators. We wish you all to join us in planting the Class Ivy beside historic Old North, which holds in keeping the ivy of

CLASS DAY COMMITTEE.

classes which have come before us. I am sure you will not fail to catch the spirit of the occasion as we plant there that which will remain forever a living testimony to the Class of 1900.

We feel that you would lose a great deal of enjoyment out of your visit here if you did not meet with us this afternoon around the cannon, that mute spectator of the varied phases of our Princeton life, uniting as it does the past with the present, and clustering around about which are the old and sacred traditions and associations of Princeton. There, incidents will be recalled which have gone to make our college life one of the jolliest, and while sharing together our joys you will readily see that our lives have been bound together by a strong bond of fellowship, which, uniting with other phases of our life here, goes to make us loyal Princeton men. To-day, as we stand fairly on the threshold of life realizing that we are soon to lose the mantle of Seniority, realizing that others are pressing on to take our place, we are loath to give up these surroundings which have become so dear to us, but, with the strength and knowledge which Princeton has given us, may we go through life and bring great credit upon our Alma Mater. Again let me welcome you all here in the name of the Class of 1900.

IVY ORATION.

JOSEPH ADDISON JONES.

THE VENERABLE EDIFICE beneath whose shadow we are now gathered possesses a peculiar charm for every Princeton man. Some of the later buildings may surpass it in imposing design or ornate architecture, but in the hearts of her sons none can ever outrival "Old Nassau." As its historic associations flash across our minds we are filled with reverence for the mighty dead, who here by "wealth of thought or heroic deed" served the cause of country and mankind. The past four years spent in this secluded scholastic retreat have but fostered and deepened this reverence. Whether we have passed along these walks as the campus was bathed in the light of the mid-day sun, or at the quiet hour of midnight; whether we have assembled to listen to other Seniors sing their glees, or have taken the steps and raised the inspiring songs of Alma Mater ourselves, these gleaming tablets, around which the ivies of former classes vine, have been constant reminders of men, greater and better far than we, who, having played

well their part in the college life of other days, have gone out to face sterner tasks and duties in wider spheres leaving these simple, silent memorials of "gay days and gray" spent beneath these elms.

Fellow-classmates, the hour has come for us to observe this time-honored and sacred rite. To the uninitiated it may seem sentimental and trivial, but to us who are soon to leave the scenes and friends endeared by the associations of four of the brightest and happiest years of life this occasion is pregnant with solemn import.

It is hard to realize that our college days are over. It seems but a short and happy summer since in serried rank we charged a common foe, seeking to win honors for a newborn class. It has been a period of transition and progress. We have seen the College of New Jersey assume the title and dignity of Princeton University. Old landmarks have passed from the campus, and stately edifices have arisen adding to its beauty. We, too, have changed. Each according to his capacity has touched the finer side of life and seen the vision splendid. The fields of knowledge have been entered and partially explored. Our mental processes have been clarified and disciplined, our moral character strengthened. The free and easy campus life has not been devoid of refining influences. Idiosyncrasies and mannerisms have disappeared under the fire of direct but friendly criticism. We have learned to bear and to forbear, to give and take, in that generous spirit that is the distinguishing mark of a Princeton man. We are united by the priceless links of a friendship that is akin to love around which cluster memories of happy days spent in work or play; of winter evenings around cheerful firesides with pipe and song and story; of our common defeats and victories, and whatever else may fade from our minds in coming years these memories will always remain as a halo of sacred light around our college days.

Our country, too, has passed through times of crisis. A victorious war has left in its train difficult economic and governmental problems. Never before has the country stood in such need of the service of educated men as now—men who can "think without confusion clearly." The college-bred man must play a large part in the solution of the pressing problems of our day. Princeton men of the past have ever been forward in the nation's service, and it is for us to emulate them.

The noise and din of the keen, hurrying life of the world we are about to enter already sounds in our ears; a few more hours and we must lay aside these caps and gowns and leave these scenes never again to know them as in the old days. Ere we go we have assembled here to renew our vows of friendship to each other, to do honor to our class and to render fitting tribute to our Alma Mater.

We plant this ivy and with it our affections for "1900" and for "Old Nassau." As its roots and vines shall draw increasing strength from sun and soil, and clinging to these walls mount heavenward, preserving perennial verdure through summer's heat and winter's cold, so, fellow-classmates, may our affections entwine closer and stronger as the years go by around our class and our college, for—

"There are no times like the old times, they shall never be forgot!
There is no place like the old place, keep green the dear old spot!
(And) there are no friends like the old friends, may Heaven bless their lot."

CLASS ORATION.

The Gospel of the Quiet Life.

D. LAURANCE CHAMBERS.

LIFE IS A BATTLE:—an old figure, you will say, which generations of Commencement orators have worn as smooth as the pebbles in a stream-bed. And yet, dear fellows, what few words could better paint the dim picture which arises on our view as we look beyond the sunset of our college course toward the dawning of a new existence? We do not fear the conflict. Though raw recruits, we have suffered no premonition of the coward's fate. Into the fight we go with a cheer. Our hearts beat quick. On the flapping banners above us play the romantic lights of youth. Let the wise world scoff as it may, and bid us change the cap and gown, not for uniform, but cap and bells! What care we? We know that in ourselves we carry victory. We are soldiers of an immortal army, on whose fresh regiments depends "the ever-springing inspiration of affairs." The glorious consciousness is ours that somewhere—there, where the smoke lies thickest—a stubborn stronghold is falling, the breastworks of a creed outworn are giving way, and man is standing on a vantage ground of truth where he has never stood before. Even if our eyes should be holden, and that fair sight be denied us, better to obey the bugle's unrelenting summons than be cut down without a struggle like the laggard, or reap the camp-follower's dastardly reward.

This conception of the character of our future life is but the recognition of ideals and conditions which the nineteenth century has set before the nations. Political Economy and the scientific theory of evolution have joined harmonious voices in reiterating the catch-words, "the drones must die," "in the struggle for existence the best strugglers shall survive." In politics, the Anglo-Saxon, with ineffectual misgivings, accepts the doctrine that the whole wide world is his battlefield and laboratory—his by right of divinely-recognized superiority. Literature, not to be outdone, quickens the cold commands of Science with the glowing strength of its authority. Out of the darkness of an inner chaos and the wreck of his ancestral faith, Carlyle emerged to find once more the light of happiness in the oblivion of work. "Strive" was Browning's message condensed to a syllable—

> "Let a man contend to the uttermost
> For his life's set prize, be it what it will"—

manly or unmanly, ennobling or degrading. And Mr. Kipling and his Hooligan school, through the swinging measures of fine verse and the dramatic energy of brilliant fiction, enforce their everlasting principle that labor consecrates the commonplace, that might and right are interchangeable, and expediency is the equivalent of justice. Even Religion has produced a new-old type of muscular Christianity, the heroic mould of men who bear the word of God in one hand and the gleaming sword of conquest in the other. Do you preach to us, O governor of our greatest state, the gospel of the strenuous life? You only carry coals to Newcastle. No tenet have we taken so unreservedly to heart. It is the keynote of all our complex purposes, an end in itself, the sole means of solace for a material, pessimistic civilization.

We will, then, be quite original if we pause upon the threshold to consider whether there is not some room among us still for that despised condition designated with disgust, *the quiet life.* Past ages, to be sure, have followed it and fallen into direful extremes. There, on the one hand, was the mystical philosophy of quietism which the seventeenth century elaborated, and which our enlightened day all too justly scorns. Humanity cries out against the abnegation of the will's activity, the purely passive meditation of divine things, as perversion of God-given powers. On the other hand, there was the practical but impossible solution of the problem of conduct discovered by the Romish Church in a cloistered seclusion. Monasticism, too, has passed away. "Truth is not local," or to be localized, we know now. God may be worshiped amidst the busiest of scenes and unheeded in the desert's solitude. Man can never work out his own salvation by unfeeling separation from his fellow-man. But far short of these effete exaggerations, there even yet abides a kernel of truth, a feasible pattern and a high ideal within the phrase, *the quiet life.* That is the life which we have lived together; the life of academic interests and scientific passion; the life of the student, the teacher, the author, the poet, or any who are such in part or aspiration; the life of books and the great book of Nature; the life that hates all advertisement, jingoism, blatancy of self-conceit, cant of national aggrandizement, content to do the nearest duty, and not shattered if it fails to set the Thames afire, not striving for the sake of strife, not pushing forward at ambition's beck to places for which neither God nor man has destined it.

Thus defined and understood, there can be no doubt that the quiet life, challenged to stand and give its reasons for existence, would have ready replies upon its tongue. "I bring," it might answer the body, "rest to a world that has

forgotten how to sleep." To the moral nature it might speak through the lips of Cowper, and demonstrate that the craving for retirement, latent in all souls, is ethical in essence, for minds released from the persistent search of wealth and preferment are, at any rate, most friendly to the "great pursuit" of God. But above all it would base its appeal to Reason on the well-rounded development of the whole microcosm which it puts within the range of possibility. Ours is an age of specialists, makers of pin-heads and watch-springs, quibblers about supines and specific heat, narrow professional men whose heads teem with naught but writs and briefs, sermons and salaries, scalpels and medicine. The quiet life comes not to bid us lazily cease our toil, but to glance up from it ever and anon, and gaze over the spreading fields of human progress. It would add to the minute perfection of petty labor hope for a wide perfection of thought and character. It alone urges us to turn from the whirling and whizzing about us to the gentle flow of our own meditations. It alone will lead us out of the city gates to mountain or meadows where Nature speaks her mighty message face to face. Amid bustle and confusion it alone can create a stillness while all the choicest spirits that the dead past knew step one by one from the covers of a book, and instruct us with their studied conversation. And its prosecution sows the seed of a splendid harvest. From it issues the full-orbed culture which is more than the mere "knowledge of the best that has been thought and said," which is rather a state of intellect like to that general well-being of the body at which we aimed in our athletic training. Gœthe declared that no element of man's complicated mechanism can be neglected with impunity. There is still a way to approach the circle's completeness, to attain the Greek ideal of the *χαλοχἀγαθός*—"the wise man and the good"—and win forever, in its best of meanings, the grand, old English name of gentleman.

For the gaining of that goal our Puritan ancestors did much, but not all, when they stiffened the moral fabric of the race. Into the woof there remains to be woven the golden threads of an artistic harmony. Our every-day existence must be freed from its harshness and low standards of practicality. Of Philistines the follower of the quiet life is the eternal enemy. He advances like young David, champion of "sweetness and light," brave to wage a puny but triumphant warfare against a foe whose boast is built on men, machinery and mammon. And in our social struggle, his sphere is ever more important. The leveling of classes, toward which our millennial sighs go out, will not come by act of Congress or application of the socialistic propaganda. It *may* come by an infusion into all society of a truer culture, attached neither to poverty nor riches, but the beautiful fruit of man's higher nature. At least, only the sympathetic influence of unobtrusive educated men can rob of its stinging threat the question from farmstead and factory, "What is your culture to us?"

To a vague enumeration of his advantages, you may grant the quietist a complimentary assent. But your air castles are reared on professional success. A sly suspicion lurks about that he who unreservedly received the quiet life as his would be slowly disqualified for active service in the world. If ever duty swept him into the maelstrom, would he be better than a log of wood? And he who gave partial place to that existence, would he not be losing, just so far, golden chances for the growth of technical ability? The time for "elegant trifling" ends with our college days; henceforth, as Mr. Gradgrind in *Hard Times*, we put our trust in "solid facts." But what is professional success? Surely, it is more than squeezing money from our neighbors. Surely, it embraces the increase of professional knowledge, the maintenance of professional credit, the extension

of professional aid to the largest number possible. If this be true, and if the quiet life alone afford the soil and atmosphere wherein may flourish the flower of culture, then its relation to the strenuous life is clear. It stands its great preparatory school; for culture is not a dilettant smattering of æsthetic gossip and classical quotations. It implies, on the contrary, strength and flexibility of mind. The man of culture need not be active in any single branch of intellectual endeavor, but he has potential energy for many. When potential becomes kinetic, then he may rise above his rivals even in the acquisition of the "solid facts." He can weigh them as in balances, assign them their proportionate worth, and, discerning his own vulnerable weakness, protect and reinforce it. In the *use* of the hoarded minutiæ his superiority is secure. The first French emperor won victory on victory by driving horse, foot and guns at a single spot in the Austrian lines, and with repeated shocks and the sheer weight of numbers crushing them to powder, though their total force excelled his own. So the man of culture, summoned from the quiet life, may mass his powers on particular problems. Nor is his lot deplorable in that *tertium quid* of all success—knowledge of men and women as they are. He supplements actual intercourse by art which "holds the mirror up to Nature," history which is "philosophy teaching by example," and literature which is the criticism of human life. Cervantes will not teach us how to write a sermon, or Hamlet how to draw a deed. But he who names Don Quixote and the Danish Prince his friends, will be in far less danger of preaching above his congregation's head or misinterpreting his client's motive. He holds a key to his fellow-creature's heart.

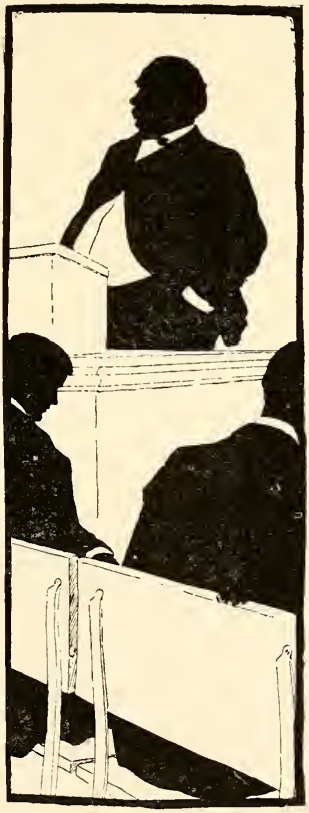
In short, instead of nursing a race of namby-pamby dreamers, the quiet life, as Milton nobly wrote, can fit one

"to perform justly, skilfully and magnanimously all the offices, both private and public, of peace and war." What need to look for proof beyond the confines of our day and land? When among our best authors are our best physicians; when men of letters are sent across the sea to represent us at the courts of kings; when, from teachers in sequestered seats of learning, men become the viceroys of an empire in Orient isles, who dares doubt it, who deny it?

And while yet he lingers in its embrace, or when, after fierce strife with baffling winds, he reaches once again its peaceful refuge, all-recompensing are the pleasures which the quiet life lavishes upon its votary. No sudden seizure of excitement from the clutches of exacting Time! No fitful spurt of the self-consuming candle of existence! But a serene joy, burning without pause or variation in his heart. To him is it given to penetrate to the core of Nature's vital beauty, and gain "the balm of hurt minds" which she extends. Betrayed alike by the "red fool-fury of the Seine," and the far-gleaming Utopias of Reason, Wordsworth underwent her blessed cure and never ceased to sound her praises. Charles Fox, the outcast and blackened saviour of his country's honor, heard her consoling voice as the nightingales warbled in an English spring. The demons of unrest cannot follow the quietist over the green sward of Arden Forest, or along the wind-swept plains of Troy. Above every book he finds the device, "Knock and it shall be opened unto you; seek and ye shall find your pleasure." And if he is endowed with the priceless gift of authorship, behold him transported at his will from the weary company of duns and critics, carping public and blind publishers, to whatever clime the magic pen shall guide.

My classmates, we have reached at last the hilltop and the parting of the roads. Bravely we strain our eyes along the diverging highways of the future with all their unknown fortunes and crowding travelers. But more yearningly we turn them backward. There winds the silvery by-path where we made our way together, now idly, now urgently, throughout four years. We realize that the value of that time comes not from the little hoard of knowledge it has stored within our brains; nay, from other sources rather. In its course have been inculcated trained habits of thought and reading. Campus and class-room have brought the corner-crushing contact of mind with mind. The influence of beautiful surroundings has stolen insensibly upon us. We have heard Old North whisper from its ivies the last enchantments of the Revolution. Blair Hall has blazed white before us in the moonlight, like the risen spectre of the Middle Age, and when Seniors sang in the June gloaming, the essence of Romance was stirred in the finest fibers of our being. Then, we have known a common sympathy in small defeats, a common exaltation in our little triumphs. We have felt the glorious bounding of the pulses as the Princeton spirit leaped like life-blood in our veins. Above and beyond all else friendships have been knitted into bonds which approaching separation shall not rend but bind the closer. We have lived the quiet life. We have laid the foundations of a broad and generous culture. Are these treasured memories to be hereafter only memories and no more? Are they to be shut in a secret garden of our hearts, where, separate from all else that makes our lives, they can be revealed only when our scattered numbers reunite? Alma Mater pleads for higher reverence. She deems it but her due that we transfuse them into active principles, ever present, instilling into every scene the spirit of her classic sweetness. Let us yield to her pleading. Let

us perpetuate the habits formed about her knee. Let us carry the quiet life which she has taught us forth from Princeton into the University of God's great world.



CLASS PROPHECY.

ELROY CURTIS.

MOST OF THE EXPLOITS, experiences and achievements of this not altogether unique aggregation and conglomeration of future presidents, senators, diplomats and statesmen have been told by Kid Stuart and Hans Yeomans. Everything the former said is true, but with the latter it is different. He is one of those people who prevaricate from force of habit—he couldn't tell the truth if he tried to. The spreading of scandals and gossip was always one of his favorite pastimes, and he is regarded by those who know him as one of the most unfeeling, malicious calumniators that ever drew breath. However, all that the truthful Kid and the slanderous vilifier, Hans, have told has happened during the college course of our great class. I can go beyond that, and the way it happened is as follows:

Once in a fit of weakness I yielded to the persuasion of John Bergland and suffered him to inject into my arm some of his favorite drug—the same which he always used to take when he felt downcast, and which he said caused

him to have the most fanciful and delightful dreams—namely, morphine. The trance which resulted was strange beyond conception. It was peopled with the members of the Class of 1900 and the chief magistrates and functionaries of the nether world. In a word, I saw my class on the way to their last judgment. How different they looked from when they graduated! Then they were gay and joyful and merry and cheerful. The only pain in their faces was that which was caused by the idea of separation from their classmates and from Princeton. But as they appeared to me, stumbling over that hot and dusty road on the far side of the river Styx, they were changed beyond description. Such dejection, such desperation and such a total absence of confidence and anticipation of anything but the worst. In a short while they would know their fate. How horrible the thought was!

So they straggled along, a motley crowd, some hopeful, others despondent, wondering what degree of torture and punishment would be dealt out to them at their judgment. In Cuth Brown's face there was that questioning look of expectancy that he always wore when facing the Absence Committee. Would Minos except his excuse? He must wait until his summons came, so he looked around. Possibly he might "sight a Liz."

Noticeable it was, indeed, to see the strange influences of the habits contracted on earth and the traits of character developed there. Biffy Lee sat down on a pile of brimstone, offering to match Eddie Burke for the latter's last cigarette butt. Some inquired for Pork Jones, but he wasn't around. "Oh," said John Lane, "I forgot that these sulphurous fumes don't have to come from matches like Porky is always bringing out of his pockets Sunday nights and Monday mornings." There was Siwash Farwell dealing a "cold hand" on the ground to Noisy Pitkin. Pit brings a bit of charred paper from the folds of his mantle. It was an

invitation to spend the Easter holidays, and the last sheet was covered with pencil marks. "How do we stand?" asked Siwash. "You owe me twenty-eight," was the reply, "and twenty-eight shredded wheat biscuits ought to keep me for two days."

Goat Finley, of course, wanted to start a Lawrenceville Club, so this shade of three hundred pounds, with his arms around Rolly Hull, searched out Jake Morris and Bunny Rathbun and the rest of the old schoolmates. "Now," said Goat, "I want Slugger Sloane to be president, because he always dresses so neatly that his dignified presence will give us a good name." Beef Heffelfinger and Prentice Kellogg came along just in time to vote for vice president. Jake and Rolly were nominated, and the latter won by a close vote, but being such good friends there was no hard feeling on Jake's part. The meeting was interrupted by a terrible noise and confusion caused by Lengthy Edwards forcing himself into a heated discussion that was going on between Jack Maltman and Eddie Meiggs. Carl wasn't concerned in the question at all, but in his accustomed way he intruded into the debate. Amid great excitement and in a gathering crowd he waved his arms and gesticulated wildly, asserting that his innings had come. It turned out that Lengthy had married a wealthy Irish lady who traced her ancestors back through nine generations of hod-carriers, and poor Carl was ruled with an iron hand. Through forty-two short years of connubial bliss Lengthy struggled along, being allowed to reply to questions only in monosyllabics and to pray silently when in his mistress' presence, and he was never allowed out of her sight since the first month after their wedding, when the bride had surprised her weaker half encircled in the arms of a negro maid on the back stairs of a hotel.

The procession became restless now and Ralph Crow was called on to investigate, he being the only one with an

exuberance of spirits. The delay was found to be on account of the light in Hen Cochran's transparency going out. Otis, of course, didn't have a match, nor did anyone else. However, Ferd Wilcox and Denny were near the fire in the fife and drum corps and thoughtfully enlivened the fellows by striking up "Palms of Victory." Holy Jones could sing with the rest, but Holy didn't think that made him conspicuous enough, and besides he wanted a good group. So, jumping, on a nearby rock, he proposed a locomotive for 1900.

Then the weary, forlorn and dusty band stumbled on, with Neb Turnbull and Harvey Jones keeping them in regular formation and urging regularity and a decent appearance. "There is nothing like making a good impression by looks right at the kick-off," said Neb, who really had only four days' growth of beard on his face.

Now a murmur fills the air; it grows to weird tumult; howls, groans, sighs and complaints resound; voices loud and hoarse and trembling are raised in wails of agony; horrible appeals for mercy come to the ears of the terrified Princetonians. Before them a gate is swung wide open. Above is written, "All hope abandon, ye who enter in." Brad Heald remarked to Dick Cad, "That ought to be up over the Grill Room, for we wouldn't have been here, had we shunned Bave's company." And so the Class of 1900 went to their final doom in a true martial formation that reminded Ike Brown and W. Brokaw Bamford of their days in the army.

Phil King called the class roll (of course, after Holy Jones had led his cheer) and found every one present except Divy Reed and Watty Watkins. Bud Ross said that he saw them stopping at Div's pharmacy for a box of porous plasters and some Pink Pills for Pale People. He didn't see what Watty bought. Every one missed Div, but no one cared about Watty. Late in life Div had started an apothe-

cary shop and bought his own medicines. He found in doing this that he made all the money himself, which before he had spent in keeping himself in fighting trim. So Div had quite a nice little drug store business.

There were the four Jones brothers—Holy, Harvey, Pork and Pop—standing on a small knoll just inside the gate. They had all succeeded well in life after their three years of uncleanliness at the Sem. And so now it was an impressive sight to see what remained of Pop, in his greasy black cutaway, with his head bared and thrown back and arms extended, crying in a beseeching, imploring voice, "God forgive us this day our daily bread."

Along about this time the graceful Grif and Beef Heffelfinger became so dry and parched from the scorching winds that it was necessary for them to breathe, so they buttonholed Charon, who stood near admiring Kid Schmidt's ideal oarsman's form. "Isn't there any place like Scud's, where we can loaf till the bell rings?" asked Grif, with a look of almost human intelligence on his face. "Naw," drawled the old man, "but I saw Cuth Brown take a drag at a Calisaya bottle a minute ago." But Cuth as usual was wide awake and had no desire to lose his control of the booze market. On promising Hank de Witt a suck at the flask, he was allowed to hide behind the latter, thus eluding the searching glance of Grif, who, together with Beef, had to endure the pangs of an unsatisfied craving for "wets." When Hank, the human capillary tube, took advantage of Cuth's promise, seventeen whole drops were seen to trickle down his throat. That filled the space between his spine and his breast-bone.

Now the parade is led by to Minos who stands there horribly examining the sins and transgressions of each as they come in line. Snarlingly does he pass judgment, and his assistants hurl the evil-doers down to the different depths according to the magnitude of their offenses. Eddie Burke,

being in the front line, was first seized and led out of the crowd. He needed no accuser, but there seemed to be doubt and hesitancy in Minos' mind. Calling for the balance, this awful judge put Eddie's worst sin—gambling on Sunday—in one side. How far it swung down! Those who saw wondered what good deed Eddie ever did that would outweigh that. But something was dropped in with the label, "Kindness to sick girl," and slowly the balance righted itself till it was just even. In consequence of this equality of weight, Eddie was allowed to float around without any special limits, just as Tommy Thomasson was for drinking a whole pint of claret between five o'clock in the afternoon and midnight.

Neb Turnbull now led a cheer for 1900, in which the whole class joined, it being the last they ever would have together, and everyone knew it. 1900! 1900! 1900! resounded loud from every throat, and the echoes came up from the depths. "Dig it up," cried Bob Oglesby. "Tear it down," exclaimed Tom Cover, of Virginia. Slugger Sloane breaks into tears and pleadingly reproves them with, "O! fellows, don't do it!" On inquiry, Minos learns of this organization known as the Diggers' Club, which was organized in Senior year by Bob Oglesby with the purpose of doing away with old traditions and of ridding the campus of such sacred objects as Nassau Hall and the Cannon. He calls them up. There go six men who have all worked for Princeton in some way at some time in their course.

P. Witherspoon and Tom Cover have both worked on the athletic field leading cheers and inspired the under-classmen by their pious example and their exemplary behavior; Bob Ogle has played at foot-ball; Spinoza Lee loved the old college so that he stayed five years, while Roger Knox and Fred Ford kept the inn open during the winter so that in case the girls wanted to visit us in the spring the place wouldn't smell musty and close. This lot was condemned

to the bottom of the pit, but waited until their equally fortunate friends were added to the party before starting. Phil King and Clare Hastings embraced each other when they heard that the unpatriotic element was duly punished for their constant utterances against Princeton spirit.

Cupid Brooks and John Fanshawe get their heads together and scheme to put themselves into favor. Cupid was always good at intriguing and working the authorities since he took such a prominent part in the local politics of Trenton. Eddie Prieth used to say that Cupid knew every bum politician and ward heeler in New Jersey's capital. Anyway, he developed great ability in this line when he was living in Cleveland, and succeeded in getting into the town council. Everybody knows of John's powers of working himself into grace. He was one of the greatest wirepullers in the class during his college course, and was honored by being one of the six fellows that Wee Davis really liked. It was impossible to corrupt the minions of Minos whose integrity and devotion to their duties afforded them their only pleasure, namely, torturing human souls. So they informed on these contaminators of justice, and Cupid and John were hurled down to the depths where they were given all the red-hot wires in the electric circuit to pull. Cal McCulloh later took this pair on his staff as linemen for the Infernal Internal Telephone Co.

Of course there was great excitement among the female spirits who floated around aimlessly to and fro, here and there disturbing the peace of mind of the new arrivals with fears of the tortures down in the depths, when they had Karl Burr pointed out to them as the biggest fusser in the company. Karl was greatly pleased at the notice and attention his election drew upon him, and it was only Paul Breinig's energetic effort that restrained Tubby Folk from doing violence to the man who received three more votes than he did for this important class choice. George

Lathrope was accused by Ferd Wilcox of canvassing for his election to the post of handsomest foot-ball player. Of course this notoriety gave George a great advantage with the ladies all through his life. Two years after he left college George traveled around the country as an after-using-Babe-skin-soap living picture.

"I want Dick Cadwalader and Brad Heald," cried Minos in thundering tones. Every one knew of the crimes of this pair. What terrible vengeance would fall on their heads! They themselves appreciated the danger, and their fright caused them both to pale from their accustomed egg-plant purple to a vivid strawberry pink. Brad trembled, Dick shivered.

"I know all about your escapades on these various glee club trips, so no defense will be allowed," said the awful judge. And then, turning to his attendants, ordered, "Throw them down." Brad begged for five minutes to see Goat Finley, which privilege was granted. He returned after a few moments with Goat's Battery A camping outfit complete, even to the rubber blanket. Brad always was strong for Heald's comfort. Goat was called up directly after Ralph Poole's double quartette had sung "Here's to You" to the other two glee clubites who had just disappeared. He was built on the plan of Wouter Van Twiller, but slightly exaggerated, being 5 feet 7 in height and 7 feet 5 in circumference. In fact, Ed Priest was the only shade in that whole assemblage who boasted a greater girth than Goat, but his was cultivated and he worked hard for it. Even during his college days had Ed said, "What wouldn't I give to be just so fat that when I sat down I couldn't see my knees."

Next came Getty and Easton. To see the two beaming, smiling countenances of our most cheerful, blithe and gay members was as a breath of cool air in that dreadful place of judgment. The sight of them raised the low spirits of

the cast down, caused hope to enter the souls of the sad, gladdened and enlivened the disconsolate. Among Chris' many sins was the heinous offense of polygamy. Chris always had strange ideas concerning matrimony, and they were so deeply rooted that he always lived up to them strictly. He sustained the Japanese view of the holy bonds of wedlock, which allows a dismissal of the gentler one when the lord and master, as Chris imagined himself, tires and seeks a change. So Chris, with his winning ways and his wonderful lamps won the tender heart of many an innocent creature and thus wrecked countless happy homes. Ah, Chris! if you had not taken advantage of the gifts of nature and abused them so, your winsome smile would not have faded from your beautiful face at that eventful moment when it was necessary to answer for your crimes.

Out of all the multitude that drifted without purpose and without intent about the gates, there was only one in whose wake followed a cool stream of refreshing air, and who, in spite of the long and dusty and wearisome march he had made with his class, seemed clean and neat. But this was only to be expected. He was just that way at college, and he had once called a young lady's attention to the fact, saying: "No matter how dirty and hot I may be, there is something about me that always makes me look tidy and nice." This welcome soul was Gwynne Huntington, and what a contrast Hank de Witt presented when compared to this pure Gwynne. His hands were very, very dirty. A fair visitor to Princeton once made the remark, after having met Hank a couple of times: "The only thing I don't like about Mr. de Witt is that his hands are always so soiled." After all had been disposed of and all sentences passed, the details of which are too numerous to mention, I inquired at an information bureau for a guide to the depths, in order that I might see the divers means of atonement and expiation which had been meted out to the evil-doers. I was led to

the edge of a seemingly bottomless pit, and followed my guide down a flight of stone steps worn deep by the constant stream of shades descending to their last abode. On going on the atmosphere became more and more stifling. At first no objects could be distinguished in the gloom which hung like a dismal shroud. Here and there from shafts penetrating deep into the bowels of Tartarus came pale bluish and sickly beams of light which seemed but to intensify the darkness and to magnify the horrible specters. Horrible shrieks resounded from a passageway leading to an inner gallery, and on following the sound I came to a large room where six shades raged like wild beasts, clawing and snarling at iron gratings which separated them from something beyond. Closer inspection showed a beautiful spring from which flowed continually a delicate stream of foaming beer. The poor souls, who, maddened with thirst and crazed by the sight of a stream of their favorite beverage rippling along just out of their reach, were Henry Hipple, Tod Bannard, Tuck De Witt, John Converse, Col. Knight and Roger Knox. It seemed that a faithful servant of his Satanic Majesty had overheard Tod planning to organize a society for the support of poor but worthy brewers, and he had reported it to his master. Tod had arranged that the organization should be called "The Philozythepsarian Association for the Furtherance of a Noble Pursuit." Since it was the only object of these self-sacrificing fiends to put brewers who had given them so much pleasure in life in a position of ease and comfort, they were tortured by seeing this waste of delicious beer with no one paying or even signing checks for it.

Outside the door of a nearby cave a short way down the corridor I saw a pair of shoes. Not even a second thought was necessary to tell me that Ralph Buell had not learned from his experience in Freshman year, when his shoes were painted green, that there is one place in each world where

one's boots are not blackened in the morning. One is college, Ralph, and the other is hell.

While pursuing our way down the gallery the guide suddenly stopped before a projecting point of rock and pointed out to me a scene of the most endless and soul-deadening desolation—a dreary and barren tract, dull and dark and soundless, over which the atmosphere hung oppressively low. At first not a living thing was to be seen, but there was that constant hum that always depresses one so terribly in a gloomy waste where it is always night. Shadowy fancies crowded upon me as I pondered, but after a few minutes' careful scrutiny of this desert, I descried a solitary figure seated upon a small mound with its back against the white trunk of a decayed tree, wildly waving its arms and apparently tearing at what little hair it seemed to have upon its head.

"Who is that most forlorn of all shades?" I asked, being more moved to pity this poor soul than any I had hitherto seen.

"Don't you recognize him?" my guide replied. "This is the place reserved for tale-tellers and gossips, and that poor fellow you see there is Pop Jones, the worst scandal-monger who was ever sent here for punishment. But rest assured he won't slander anyone in this neighborhood."

Oh! Pop, will that scene of frightful, doleful melancholy ever pass from before my eyes? You, with none to talk to, with none to hear the ravings of your mind, clouded with booze fumes! But you deserved every bit of it, Pop.

Our next stopping place was in a large hall, at the far end of which was emblazoned in enormous letters, "Liars, Prevaricators, Perverters of Truth." The first shade I recognized was Bill Edwards. Bill saw me at once and "extended" his greetings of welcome, at the same time expressing his joy at seeing a familiar face. To my inquiry he replied that just one falsehood and deception had caused

all this mortification and suffering. It happened that once when Bill was visiting relatives in Newark he went over to New York to go to the theatre. There he found Bummy Booth, so the two spent the night in revelry and noisy festivity. Just at half-past five in the morning Bill rolled to the front door with the key of which he had been entrusted. At breakfast the next morning, when Bill was still suffering a severe depression from his alcoholic excess, his hostess asked, "Well, William, what time did you get in last night?"

"At one o'clock," Bill replied, with Broome county straightforwardness.

"I only wanted to see if your college course had taught you truthfulness, William," continued the lady, "and as I heard the clock strike one, I know I am not deceived, and you are honorable to own up to staying out late."

Far over in the corner on a stone bench sat the brothers Scott—Sam and Fred. Each had refused to recognize the other as a kinsman during their bright days at college. Fred said that Sam was a dude and a conceited puppy. Sam retaliated by claiming that Fred had no college spirit and was exceedingly undemocratic. But now was all peace and harmony and there was no strife. Sam proposed that Fred learn to play some wind instrument, so that if there ever was a day of promotion they might make sweet music with hosts of a different color than these Stygian throngs. Could I have seen beyond eternity possibly that Beau Brummel, Sam, might have appeared as leading the orchestra in which he played the French horn. Ralph Crowed loudly on learning of the reconciliation between Fred and Sammy.

On following down another flight of steps we came to a long, narrow hallway. Far off in the distance approaching on his hands and knees was a shade. Soon I perceived this freak to be Walter Carroll, who felt his way along in

grasshopper fashion with his shoes in his teeth. Then it was that I remembered how Walter had done this same trick one night after the inn closed in Junior year, on passing the house of a faculty member whom he did not wish to waken. The habit grew on him so that he was condemned to wander thus forever, always carrying with him his text-books for fear that Bob Oglesby might borrow them. Joe Hill, whom we met a moment after, was pursuing Walter, vainly endeavoring to get the loan of a "Guide to Prominence in Debate." Joe was dressed rather warmly for that climate. Of course, he had on that overcoat and the inevitable woolen mittens. The trolley line from his button-hole to his eye-glasses, via his ear, was a ribbon only an inch broad. Joe's dear old golf trousers were still with him, as were the same stockings, and over his calf boots were rubbers to protect the hob nails from wear and tear. But what was strange, Joe only had two books under each arm instead of three. The cause of this is rather hard to predict, but it might have been that Frank Lloyd had stolen the missing two that he might read them in any class there was a possibility of attending. While walking along in the depths of the lowest pit, I saw that this was where the most degraded types were placed. They had been put on earth as men and therefore passed for such; now they were expiating bitterly the grievous sins of their terrestrial life, and were wielding pick and shovel or busily pushing wheelbarrows loaded with brimstone and sulphur. Among this wretched lot I saw one shade with a look of even deeper and more acute agony on his face than the others. His identity could not at first be made out, but upon coming nearer I found that he was the spirit of one who above had often been referred to as "The Grand Old Man." Behind him was a door leading from an opening in the wall. Tom Cover staggered up to me with a most regretful, dejected look on his face. Anxiously I inquired what unfortunate

CLASS APPOINTMENTS.

act of his had caused such terrible punishment to be heaped upon him. He answered: "Swearing!" and a volley of curses and blasphemy followed.

"But what have you been doing in that place?" I asked.

"Look in and see," he shrieked.

I peered in through the door and there before me was a solid room of slate, with a hard stone floor and ceiling. On a portion of the far side were innumerable small lines close together in seeming endless series. A line of chalk dust was traced along the floor near the wall.

"What does it all mean?"

"These blankety-blanked blanks are forcing me to make a mark there for every time I said during life anything that wouldn't be allowed in church, and what is more, I can't forget a single blanked time."

"Well, where are you going now?" I questioned, expecting to hear of some more terrible task.

"For another wheelbarrow-load of chalk," he replied, and then stumbled blindly on, mumbling horrible oaths and execrations which he couldn't desist from even during the time he was being punished for the same offense.

It has always been a source of great regret to me that the effects of John Bergland's pet drug wore off, and the fates of such men as Liv Biddle, Elliot Waggaman, Tex Bennett, Bert Wheeler, Tim Chambers, Cap Kafer, Gus Dohm, Tom Cloney, Harry Langenburg, Arthur Poe, Doc Hillebrand, Blaine Robinson and several Smiths were not observed. But maybe, when my recovery is sure, I may try to find out more of the Class of 1900.

CLASS POEM.

B. GWYNNE HUNTINGTON.

LORD and Love of heaven and earth,
Life and Light of all that live,
Ruler of all that is, O give
In us that life and light new birth!

A fuller, purer, stronger life,
That we may meet the world-wide flow,
And, leaning on Thy love, may go
To come out victor in the strife.

Thy light to point to us the way,
To guide our footsteps lest we fall,
And with its brightness touching all,
To cheer and strengthen through the day.

Then when life's eventide shall come,
From out the reddening glow will shine
Thine evening star of love divine,
To lead us to our heavenly home.

And through life's day teach us, O Lord,
How most to love and worship Thee;
Not seeking what oft seems to be
To us most rare in its reward.

But may we know Thy Son, the Man,
Whom knowing is to love; whose life
In its perfection stands o'er strife
A prototype for all. We can

But choose how we shall act and live;
In Thy great wisdom use our choice,
O Lord, to glorify Thy name, to voice
Thy will, Thy word which Thou did'st give.

And may Thy truth to us be shown,
A sun dispelling mists of fear,
A hand to lead when doubts are near,
A gladdening laugh in a world of moan.

* * * * * * * *

How beautiful it is to see
The limpid spring from earth appear
In perfect purity, so clear
It scarce seems there at all to be.

A moment in the shade it rests
To drink its fill of its first view
Of nature's flowers and trees, while through
The leaves it catches and reflects

The azure hue of heaven's light;
And then it rushes laughing out,
A noisy brook, in merry rout
To dance and leap in spray so bright,

With a wanton ray of the sun to play,
Vying in its merry madness
The very sunlight's cheering gladness;
And so it hastens on its way.

Our lives are like these little brooks;
We, too, spring purely into birth,
We, too, are children of the earth;
We catch, and we reflect heaven's looks.

At first our life-streams separate stole
'Mid quiet scenes; four years ago
They met; and swelled one strengthening flow
Of harmony of heart and soul.

And it has been a pleasant stream
With banks bedecked with brightest flowers,
And leafy nooks, like shaded bowers,
Where lights and shadows dance and gleam.

And sometimes through the woods it creeps,
Kissing the willows' lowered leaves,
And gathering grandeur from the trees,
Yet curious 'mongst the roots it peeps;

And learns there how great things begin,
How little things to great things lead,
And how in life the little deed
Well done will great deeds usher in.

And sometimes through the fields it glides,
And sees outspread the beauteous world;
And industry and peace unfurled,
In scenes where only joy abides.

The bending grasses touch its sides,
And whisper, "'tis on you all look
To freshen life, O living brook,
To lead the way whate'er betides."

And sometimes deep and still it flows,
Absorbing in itself the light,
Which it holds treasured out of sight,
To change it there by what it knows.

And those who here will stop to gaze
Into its quiet depths will find
A sweet refreshment for the mind,
Suggestions of such thoughts as raise

The soul of man to higher things
Than self and matter, rain and snow;
And if they stoop to taste its flow,
In true desire for what it brings,

They'll find it deeper than it seemed;
Yet if intent they gaze and long,
They'll find that once again they're wrong—
Will almost think they must have dreamed;

They'll realize the truth at last;
They'll see the bottom, base and fount
Of worldly knowledge; they will count
It where and how it should be classed.

For there reflected o'er and o'er,
As though between two mirrors placed,
They'll see the figure they have chased,
And which so monstrous seemed before,

Dwarfed by that infinite Source and Store,
Where its reflections flit till lost;
Like shadows of a ship flit 'cross
The surface and are seen no more.

And, rising, they'll affirm that they
Have seen God's image in the stream;
And the brook will all the merrier seem,
As it flows so gently on for aye.

* * * * * * * *

So we have passed our college life,
Learning here, and playing there,
With little worry, little care;
And now we've reached the great world-strife.

The last of these sweet days is here;
And friendship's harmony now swells
To fullest power, and each heart wells
With love's pure music, loud and clear.

And in our souls the echo strong
Of this last burst's impassioned range
Can never die, can never change,
Though life on earth be short or long.

Nor do we now forget one voice,
Though he was taken from us soon,
But from high heaven it trembles down,
And joining song bids us rejoice.

For though long years, though mountains part
Our several paths, though very death
Shall weed us with his blighting breath,
Still each loved voice will fill each heart.

And when the last is left alone
On earth, returns here aged and white,
And stands, like the last star of night,
And looks for friends and finds them gone,

Within his deafened ears will come
The sounds of voices, filling all
His heart with sweetest thoughts, as fall
The notes of the lark to his mate at home.

And as he stands enraptured here,
Thrilled with the voices of the past,
His flushed cheek will tell how fast
The old heart beats at sounds so dear;

The trembling arms would seek t' embrace
The one who was his closest friend,
Till those who see him thus would lend
Assistance to his tottering pace.

Through tears which age cannot restrain,
His yearning eyes will look beyond
The curious crowd, to those whose fond
Soft voices call to him again.

And men will look on him and say,
"He is the last; all gone the rest
Of that old class; a lonely quest
To hunt dead friendship's memories." They

Will thus together smile and talk,
And think they understand his tears;
They cannot hear the sounds he hears,
Nor see the friends that with him walk;

Nor understand that though but one
To them seems left, to him all—all
Are there; those well-known voices call;
To the last reunion lead him on.

Now while these fancies fill our minds,
The trumpet sounds; we must awake
And dream no more; but rise and take
The place which each now waiting finds.

The college stream has reached the sea,
And tastes the bitter tossing foam,
And feels the beating waves that roam,
And rile the shallows gleefully.

But may we shun the shallows there,
And seek the depths where great deeds grow,
Where mighty silent currents flow,
Nor flaunt their wonders on the air;

But do the bidding of their God
In silence, knowing that He sees,
And satisfied, if Him they please,
Unknown, unheard of, on to plod.

A gnome doth guard the treasure store
Where are the names of all of worth
Who've ever lived upon the earth;
With jealous care he holds the door,

And sees with His all-piercing eyes
The inmost secrets of men's hearts;
So from true judgment ne'er departs;
And worthless things He doth despise.

But be thou not discouraged now,
Or daunted by the zealous care
With which reward is guarded there;
Deserve the wreath, 'twill fit thy brow.

Your hopes are large, you high aspire;
First learn to dare, then learn to do;
And keep your high desires in view,
And of your labors never tire.

You say your chosen life's not great,
Nor one that's apt to win you fame?
Unless thou choose a life of shame,
Believe not that it is thy fate

To live despairing of this prize,
The God of love will give reward
To all who know His Son as Lord,
And strive by grace and love to rise.

For that terrestrial treasure store
Is lighted by a wondrous gem,
The one star in God's diadem,
Whose light increases more and more.

And those below reflect His light;
Nor could they shine were that denied;
To gain that light they've lived and died—
Died to live a life more bright.
* * * * * * * *

What distant sound is that I hear?
Is it the murmur of a host?
'Tis boom of waves upon a coast,
A shell-like echo in my ear.

Yet how it nears and louder grows!
An echo grows more faint with time;
This, like an oft-repeated rhyme,
Faster, stronger, fuller flows.

And now I hear discordant sound,
Tumultuous noise, coarse laughs and groans;
Yet under all those throbbing tones
Monotonously bound and bound.

It is the march of life! On, on,
It comes! How quick those rhythmic beats!
They measure time as fast it fleets,
They toll for moments that are gone.

'Tis almost here! Before we part,
In those great ranks to take our place,
One last farewell! Time gives poor space
For parting, e'en for loves which start

And grow one with the growing lives,
E'en as our loves and lives have grown,
A woof of heart-strings intersewn,
Where parting all of us deprives.

Where can we meet such friends again?
Out in the world the race is hot,
And he who'd win must tarry not;
There care and hurry love enchain.

In youth such men their friends have made;
The spring-well of their hearts is full;
Stilled is the surface of the pool,
Sequestered in a quiet glade.

Forbidden then love's entrance there,
As birds when hostile seasons come
Return to some more kindly home,
Our hearts will seek our classmates here.

In sweet communion we will meet
On dreamland's quiet mystic shores,
And from our memories open doors
The old dear friends we'll smiling greet.

How fast the march now nearer steals!
Intruding on our last farewells,
O'er which each heart so fondly dwells,
Nor can express the half it feels.

Old Elms, ye who have heard us sing,
And quiet rustling gave applause,
A sweeter music when we pause,
Our farewell song to you we bring.

To us ye are not merely trees
Whose shade our friends refreshing find,
To us ye seem not senseless, blind,
But living things which we would please.

So here we seek your blessing now,
Before we leave your sheltering arms;
For we have found in you such charms,
To you we've made our friendship vow.

'Tis here! That mighty march is here!
Those measured beats now bid us haste,
And tell us life's too short to waste
One hurried beat to shed a tear.

March on! March on! We come! We come!
Leaving our youthful tasks well done,
Leaving our youthful laurels won,
To win in earth and heaven a home.

March on! We come, nor hesitate;
We know God lives and rules on high,
We feel His guiding presence nigh,
Nor fear the phantom man calls fate.

March on! The prelude of the spring
Is past; its growing melodies,
Enriched by deeper harmonies,
The pregnant songs of summer bring.

March on! The flowers of spring have bloomed;
The eggs are hatched, the fledgelings grown;
The grain now waves where seeds were sown;
Earth has a mother's garb assumed.

March on! The bees are gathering in
Already for the winter-tide;
The squirrels already dig and hide;
Supply for life's winter we too must win.

March on! The flowers to seeds must turn;
The seeds must die and buried be,
E'er they again the light can see,
Or feel new life within them burn.

March on! The work for us is rife!
And may we bear fruit many-fold,
That death as death we may not hold,
But as new birth to larger life.

March on! We come; nor wait the end,
To join the stragglers lingering there;
But take our place with those who dare
To struggle 'gainst the backward trend.

Farewell! Farewell! How soon we part
From friends whom we but lately found,
And yet to whom we are so bound
In mind and sympathy and heart.

Farewell! Farewell! 'Tis like a knell
Tolled for some pure life that's gone.
Dear Class! No more on earth as one!
Farewell! Forevermore, farewell!

PRESENTATION ORATION.

CHARLES HERBERT STUART.

FRIENDS, PRINCETONIANS AND CLASSMATES—I will not ask you to lend me your ears, but, rather, to close them, for on me the sacred duty and honor is imposed of conducting the first portion of the Annual Senior Experience Meeting, otherwise known as Cannon Exercises.

In the bombardment which is about to ensue, the idols and ideals of many fond relatives and doting sweethearts will doubtless be shattered, and although I cannot prevent this, yet I do beg of you to remember that whatever I may tell you of the peculiar deeds, misdeeds and moods of my classmates will be told in a spirit of reverence and truth, and, I might add, pity, especially in the case of such men as Eddie Burke and "Divy" Reed. It may be objected that I have exposed only our faults and shortcomings, but our counterbalancing virtues and attainments speak for themselves, and I must still believe that confession is good for the soul, although often displeasing to the ear.

It will grieve you to hear that Tod Bannard, in one of his periodical fits of mental aberration, so far forgot his cunning as to send the following note to his *fiancée:*

"IMPERIAL HOTEL.

"*My Dearest One:*

"I have left on the last train for Long Branch. Lew is sick. So sorry I am not here, and that I cannot keep our engagement for this evening.

"Your loving

"TOD."

I would suggest, Tod, that you either have a private censor to examine your letters, or else give up correspondence altogether, as Pop Jones tells me he has done, but I really think there are many other things that Pop should first forswear. Who can ever forget that round moon-face, wreathed in smiles, and that head covered with a fringe-like growth of hair that reminds one of a halo, and would be so much more appropriate for Holy. Pop, you must know, is both in name and fact the gossip of the class, and a worse scandalmonger never existed. We have all been busy this spring, but think of Pop, when everybody's business is his business, and yet society, too, claims much of his time, and there he is a regular Don Juan. He is even reported to have had more love affairs than Bee Angle and Ferd Wilcox say they have had. This is an extreme view, but there is one case on record which will show the nature of the man, and it is only one of many similar cases. Pop last summer ingratiated himself into the affection of a young widow, and both by his manner and actions led her to believe that an offer of marriage was not far distant. The climax came one evening when the heartless wretch told her that all was ended. How could you, Pop, when she had been so kind and generous? No wonder she tried to throw vitriol in your face, but if you will kindly come up here, I will give you something that may prove both useful and ornamental. I see "Blind Tom" Griffen looking wistfully at that mask. I know you need one, Griff,

but your case is not so urgent as Pop's. I don't believe anyone would try to hurt your face. Did you ever hear the story of Griff's prominence? Understand me, I said prominence—not popularity. It happened in about fifteen minutes and thirteen seconds, and was attained by slow, awkward and ungainly strides. The story is this: In the interclass games ten men entered for the mile walk, Griff among the number. The first time he passed the finishing point, tired and distressed, he stopped. One by one the others dropped out at the Field House, until only two were left. Griff, pierced by a faint ray of Israelitish instinct, got to his feet and finished third just six minutes after the second man crossed the line, thereby winning third prize and the privilege of his class numerals.

One would have thought that Holy Jones, the golden-haired and silver-tongued orator, would immediately have led a cheer for Griff, but he didn't, and, as far as I can learn, this is the only opportunity ever offered which Holy failed to seize. Come up here, if you please, Holy, and we will let you make public atonement by leading one for yourself. It is a good thing to have plenty of spirit even though, as in Holy's case, it is uncalled for and misapplied at times. As a horrible example of the other extreme we have Bob Oglesby, who has gone so far as to compare historic Old North to a New Brunswick corset factory. Just think of it! And not content with that, he suggested that the cannon, about which we are all gathered, should be replaced by a modern Krupp disappearing gun. In other ways Bob is quite spirited, as was shown by his courage and characteristic disregard of personal danger, when, one dark night in Freshman year, he and Tod Bannard were called into the house of a widow who, in great excitement and terror, implored them to catch or drive out a burglar whom she said she had heard prowling about in the cellar. There was an outside entrance to the cellar and also one from

the inside; so Bob bravely told Bill to enter the cellar from the inside, while he would wait at the outside door to seize the man when Bill drove him out. Bill agreed, and later, finding on investigation that there was no one in the cellar, he started toward the outside door. Bob must have heard him coming, for Bill opened the door just in time to see him disappear over a high board fence in the rear. The worst, however, is yet to come. Late that night Bob came to Bill's room and told his experience as follows: "I heard him coming and prepared to tackle him, but he was very small, and in some way he dodged and got past me, but I turned and ran after him, and chased him for an hour, as it seemed to me, but he finally gave me the slip." Bob, that story is worthy of Tom Cover, but the class has asked me to give you some suitable reward. Come up and get it.

It was on just such a dark night as when Bob chased the burglar that John Fanshawe, who was bequeathed to us by '99, started out alone for a walk, to enjoy the fresh, invigorating evening air (and anything else that happened along). He started down Nassau street and was wrapped in deep thought of home, the loved ones, &c., until gentle footsteps in front of him brought him back to normal consciousness, and he realized that a damsel was going in the same direction and was all alone. By nature a gallant fellow, the idea of a lady without escort at that time of night aroused all his instinctive politeness and sentiment. So suiting the action to the thought, he soon overtook her and politely inquired if he might see that she reached home safely. There was no response, but John was not abashed, and he again asked her in even more suave and persuasive tones if he might not act as her escort. They were just then under the electric light, and the girl, who had bashfully avoided looking at John, now turned her head toward him and coyly said, "Possibly youse is mistaken, sah. Ise a culled lady." Come up, John. Just take this with

you in the future and use it, it may prevent a similar occurrence—(dark-lantern). I have been unable to learn whether or not this was the same lady of color to whom Bert Wheeler gave his ring and pin in Sophomore year, but it will do no harm to ask him. How about it, Bert?

I am glad to see that Harry O'Donnell has stopped off with us. His business in New York and Trenton, where he is at work on a directory, requires him to be away most of the time, but we have a brief record of several incidents in the following telegrams all sent by him. The first one reads as follows:

"Very tight. Coney Island to-day. Missed the time of your life."

The second one is:

"Harry is full. Call the ambulance."

The last one is rather ambiguous, it reads:

"Am up in the air, will be down about noon."

I wish for your sake, Harry, that you had stayed up there, but I suppose it was that girl that brought you back—you know the one I mean. You told Ike Brown she was the nicest girl to kiss that you had ever met, and everyone recognizes you as an authority on such matters; but that lucky George Siedler is not to be overlooked. I never knew whether the charm lay in his fine physique, or magnetic personality, but it is a fact that he was very devoted to a Princeton belle, and so easily outstripped the other suitors as to afford much amusement at their expense.

The idea of expense calls to mind the varied experiences of Dutch Langenberg and Ralph Crow. It seems that shortly before the February exams, Ralph found that some of his notes were almost illegible, so he decided that he would take them over to one of his many admirers of the opposite sex, who was an expert typewriter, and have her copy them. It was quite a task for her, but the thought that it was all for Ralph transformed the labor into one of

love, and so when Ralph offered to pay her for the work, she indignantly refused the offer. Of course he was elated, and immediately told Dutch Langenberg, who is a great "fusser," as you all know, and the girl in question he considered one of his exclusive conquests. Here was a fine opportunity for Dutch to humble Ralph and show his own prowess, so the next day, arrayed in all his finery, he took some notes to the young lady and in his most winning manner asked her if she could find time to copy them for him. The girl fairly beamed as she assuringly said that she would gladly accommodate him, and Dutch went on his way rejoicing. But pride goeth before a fall, and when Dutch returned for the notes and patronizingly said, "Now you must let me give you something for this," (meaning a sixty-five cent stick-pin, which he had in his pocket tied up with baby blue ribbon). The girl smiled and said, "At my usual rate of forty cents a page it would amount to $6, but you are such a good friend that I'll let you have it for $3.75. Another case of over-confidence, wasn't it, Dutch? If something is not done for you very soon, I feel sure that you will buy a gold brick, and I have decided that the best way to prevent it is to give you one now. When you are asked to buy one, you can tell the swindlers that you are already provided. Come up, Dutch, and get it.

Now, if Dutch had only taken "Biffy" Lee with him, when he called for his notes, Biffy would have flipped his double-headed coin or worked the "heads-I-win-tails-you-lose" game to see whether he should pay $7.50 or nothing.

I want to tell you about a characteristic business venture, and I think that you will agree that no one but Biff could or would do such a thing. One night just before the relentless Bave departed with his keys, Biff ordered four beers. He raised the price five cents per glass and then sold it to such improvident and thirsty men as Elroy Curtis and Frank Lloyd, receiving cash for his credit. With this

nucleus he shot craps at "Doc" Higgins' Waiters' Club on 'Spoon street, and succeeded in taking away ten dollars from the boys. He took this capital and played cards, increasing the sum to twenty dollars. But about that time the Faculty furloughed Biff, and his vacation deprived him of all he had and some that he did not have. Biff is really not to blame. It is innate instinct with him, for he was born under the immediate sign of the crab, and, of course, embodies the characteristics of that animal. But with Bud Ross it is an acquired and cultivated trait.

There have been many records made by the members of our unrivalled class, but that held by Preston Witherspoon is the most unique. This man has attended four Yale games—three in foot-ball, one in base-ball—and "seeing perceived not." It was after the game in New Haven last fall that a girl with a huge orange chrysanthemum enthusiastically threw both arms about his neck and wept for joy. A thing of that sort always wakens Withie like the magic kiss, and though he was ignorant of the cause of her embraces, he reciprocated with such ardor that bystanders had to interfere in behalf of the girl, who was thoroughly frightened by that time.

Ike Brown, our fine-looking president, had a similar experience, except for the fact that he was the unwilling subject of sincere affection. What a touching sight it must have been to see a beautiful girl, with tears streaming down her cheeks and her arms about his neck, murmuring in pleading tones, "How can I help loving you, when you are so tall and handsome?" That was a hard question to answer, and yet—would you believe it—this man is a jail bird, and while his name has never appeared in *Town Topics*, still the *New York Voice* has published a detailed account of his criminal record, and I understand that the requirements for recognition are even higher for that paper. Cuff, another one of the Brown tribe, was honored by having one

of his risqué escapades published in *Town Topics*, but the part of leading man was erroneously assigned to another, and he has never become reconciled to the fact. Cuff's doings rise above the level of mediocrity, and he likes not only to tell them, but also to receive full credit for them. His many riding trips, which form his chief diversion, have given him the name of the "Tough Rider." We have other aspirants for the title in Hal Gaskill, Sam Feagles, Charlie Otis and Gwynne Huntington, but they must be classified among those who "also ran."

I am requested to announce that if there are any present who would like to take trains which are not scheduled to stop at the Junction, let them hand in their names with the number of the train, allowing a few hours' notice to James Renwick Sloane, the son of Biographer Sloane, and he will report the matter to Cousin Aleck Cassatt of the Pennsylvania Railroad and guarantee to hold the train for one hour. Slugger, by the way, is not named for the popular caterer of Princeton whose name he bears. I have neither the time nor inclination to enumerate the many branches of his geneological tree, but he will be delighted to furnish information in a matter in which he takes great pride.

Will Chris Easton and Doc Hillebrand kindly come up here. Ladies and gentlemen, you have before you two men prominent in widely-different branches of our undergraduate activity. Chrissy, the socialist, and Doc, the athlete. Doc is acquainted with Chrissy, but the converse is not true, and yet for four years Doc has been on both base-ball and foot-ball teams and has captained both. When Doc went to Chrissy, who is monitor in one of the classes, to have his absence removed, Chrissy looked at him vaguely and said, "What is your name?" I had hoped that we were all acquainted and certainly we should be; for that reason I have called you up. Allow me, Mr. Easton, to present Mr.

Hillebrand. If there is anyone else who has not met Doc, or any other member of the class, I would recommend him to Tute Hendrickson as a man who, by reason of his campaigning in the whole of Sophomore and the early part of Junior years, became thoroughly acquainted with the members of the class.

Have you ever noticed what a peculiar fellow Divy Reed is? He has such strange ideas at times—one example will fully illustrate my meaning. At the smoker tendered the Glee Club at Newark, suddenly and without due cause or warning, Divy became imbued with the idea that he was a gray rat. Fancy Divy Reed, a man who would rather be himself than anyone else, living or dead, becoming the subject of such a weird hallucination. But Divy recovered in the usual length of time, and seemed to be in normal condition, except for the fact that his ideas of hell were somewhat modified by his strange experience. I think you will be interested in hearing them, and will quote verbatim: "It is hell to have a conscience, a hang-over and a girl." Do you realize what force and feeling there is in that short sentence? A conscience, a hang-over and a girl. What a combination, and yet Divy possessed all three, and this constitutes hell. Now, the question is how to free one's self from this bondage. For the conscience, I would prescribe a little tonic. As for the girl, I have done all I can, and I leave you to fight it out. You should have no trouble with the hang-over. Just consult Brad Heald or Dick Cadwallader. They have had unlimited experience.

It was in the dry and hot days of late July that our great Philosopher Davis decided that as near an approach as possible to the state of nature in which Adam and Eve existed in the garden would be more conducive to his philosophical cogitations. So he and several youthful disciples took to the woods one morning, where they roamed about, wearing pleasant smiles and carefully-parted hair. It happened

that, in the course of their meanderings, they came to an open grassy plot, and, as the excitement incident to their novel undertaking had kept them awake the night previous, they stretched out and soon fell asleep. They were rudely awakened later by the sound of laughter, which they soon saw came from a large party of boys and girls approaching them with baskets in their hands. Philosopher and his band escaped, but the party caught a faint glimpse of their receding forms. It seems that the spot they had chosen for their siesta was a favorite picnic ground, and the party with baskets was the Methodist Sunday School on their annual day's outing. I am told that, under cover of darkness, Philosopher returned to the habitations of men and again resumed their manners and customs, convinced of the impracticability of his experiment. Come up, Philosopher. When you try the scheme again, take this with you for comfort and protection.

The escapades of John Bergland would fill volumes and cover a wide range of subjects, while the descriptive and imaginative powers of Herb Moore could scarce do him justice. One of his most violent outbreaks occurred when Tod Bannard took him on a cross-country drive to Bound Brook to call on relations. John had with him his "wry" face and pocket-flask, which he used freely, explaining that he had a cold, but Bill noticed no unusual change in him. So they went to the home of Bill's uncle and were warmly welcomed by the entire family, consisting of an aunt and two young daughters. They had just had evening prayers and said they regretted that the boys had not arrived earlier. All went well for a while until Bill noticed that John seemed to be in a dazed state, now and then muttering to himself, so he immediately opened a brisk conversation and resolved to get John out as soon as he could with propriety, for he had misgivings about John's condition. Scarcely had he made this resolution, when, during

a lull in the conversation, John bellowed out, without rhyme or reason, "You're damn whistling I am a morphine fiend and I have been for over a year." Bill didn't wait for any further revelation, but immediately took John by the arm, and seizing the hats from the rack, left without a word of explanation, and he has never been asked for one. John, how could you do such a thing, and yet I suppose we may expect anything from a man who will sleep all night in a boiler, as you did when the library was being erected. Other people than John choose strange sleeping places—for example, Texas Bennett, who must have thought he was in a tub race, the night he slept in Old North.

If the only eight men in the class with whom Wee Davis cares to be on friendly terms will fall in line before me, I should be glad to give them some advice. What! No one responds? Well, I am sorry, Wee, the honor seems to be unappreciated, and I see no reason for their diffidence. You have simply been unfortunate in your selection. There are a great many good fellows in the class whom you should at least have tried to meet. Of course, I would advise you to have as little as possible to do with such men as "Art" Mitchell and Phil Le Boutillier, because they are awfully fast, as every one knows, themselves included. But you are safe in the hands of a man like Paul Breinig. Let me read you a letter he wrote to a Trenton girl:

"PRINCETON, N. J.

"My Dear Miss Alys:

"Your note received and perused. You are mistaken in imagining me to be angry about anything. You will excuse me if I talk plainly to you, but there is no use denying the fact that you cannot appreciate a fellow who is purposely slow. You have admitted that you like fast fellows. You are welcome to your choice, but I am not one of them. Please think of me always as a friend, but

one who, as our tastes run at present, cannot help but feel that, from your standpoint as well as mine, it would be better to see as little of each other as possible. I wish you would not go with the fellows you do, but it is none of my business.

"Adieu, from your friend

"PAUL."

Here is the sort of man whom we feel we can trust. It is a pleasure to find a man who is purposely slow, and certainly no one can accuse Karl Burr of such a thing. After the Junior Prom. one girl, in discussing the dance with her chaperon, said that Mr. Burr was an awfully nice man, but that he held her so tightly that he left the imprint of his club pin.

I have had some hesitancy about telling this incident, for fear of shocking Doc Hillebrand. Last winter Doc attended a glee club concert in Alexander Hall, sitting in the gallery with Bill Edwards. He suddenly became greatly agitated, and pointing at the audience below said, "Bill, Bill, look down there. There is a girl without any sleeves in her dress." Some one told Carl Edwards about it and he blushed continuously for fifteen minutes. No one ever heard of Tom Cover blushing or showing any sense of modesty or respect—this modern Ananias, who, more than anything else, loves a lie for its own sake. He is rarely caught in them, but last summer there was a notable exception, when Tom engaged rooms at the fashionable hotel at Capon Springs under the pseudonym of Pres. Patton. Tom thought it would be a huge joke, for each day a list of the expected arrivals is posted and is eagerly scanned by all the guests of the hotel, and as the distance from the station is some miles, the stages run back and forth, and the arrival of the evening stage is a great event. Tom pictured to himself their disappointment when they realized the deception, and

he was prepared to enjoy it keenly. But our most carefully laid plans often fall through, and so it was with Cove; for, meeting a friend who was a distiller, he samples his wares too freely, and by the time the stage reached the hotel, had fallen into a heavy sleep. The crowd pressed about the stage to catch a glimpse of the distinguished occupant. What was their astonishment, and revulsion of feeling, to see our "grand old man" assisted out and up to his room! Needless to say he left by the first morning stage.

Have you ever heard of Tuck Dewitt's experience as a ladies' hair-dresser? It happened in this way: Tuck arrived at the Junction late one night, after the last train up to Princeton. It was raining very hard, and there were no carriages to bring him up, so Tuck concluded to tarry for the night at that little boarding-house just below the wagon bridge, toward Trenton; you know where it is, John Lane. Tuck arose early, and coming downstairs found the landlady's daughter curling her hair with some sort of an improvised curling-iron, which was very hard to manipulate. Perhaps the girl asked him to assist her; more probably he volunteered his services. At any rate the grocer's boy, who came to deliver his goods, saw Tuck curling her bangs. Come up here, Tuck. The class has generously provided these new curling-irons for you. May you have many opportunities to use them.

Tuck's experience shows you what strange things men will do, but when it comes to strange happenings Roger Knox is in a class by himself. One evening, in the course of his rambles, he left his coat in the Dean's yard. That is, Roger thinks he left it there, and however that may be, the Dean found it early in the morning, and searched the pockets for some clue to the owner. Let me give you the complete inventory:

1 beer-stained handkerchief.

1 plug of Battle Axe chewing tobacco.

1 wooden spigot.

3 cigarette stumps.

A wallet, containing a letter addressed to Roger, in feminine handwriting, on blue scented paper, and a check on the Casino Brothers, who are known as "Big" and "Little." Roger, we never want to hear of your being caught "red-handed" again. Come up and get this tool-bag. It is just the thing for your midnight excursions, and as you see, it contains all the necessary implements.

It is up to you now, Arthur Poe, and I shall humor you by reading the letter you received from Trenton last fall, after the game in New Haven. Frank Lloyd gave it to me as you had requested, but it was only by a slip of the tongue that I learned that you wanted it published. Here it is:

"WEST HANOVER ST., TRENTON, N. J.

"*My Dear Mr. Poe:*

"I do trust that you will pardon the familiarity I am taking. 'Couldn't resist.' Am just awfully anxious to know you, as you are one of the dearest creatures in the world to win that Princeton-Yale game, although I had a cousin on the Yale 'Varsity, ''98.' Would be most delighted to have you call some time *real* soon, and, if you play golf, we have a very fine 'Country Club,' and would be awfully pleased to drive you out.

"Hoping to hear from you soon,

"I am your ardent admirer,

"ALYS. L——."

There is still another incident resulting from the New Haven game. Another admirer, who was a Princeton girl, because of her interest in Arthur, sailed for Europe before the game. But she previously arranged with Arthur that he should cable the score. Further, that if he were hurt he should indicate it by the single word "Artie," and that

in case he in any way made himself conspicuous, or contributed toward a victory, he should add the word "silkworm." The day after the game, Arthur sent a cablegram worded as follows:

"Princeton, 11; Yale, 10, Artie Silkworm." I tell you these things because Arthur has been heralded, far and wide, as the most modest of heroes, and I want you to know that there is some argument to the contrary. I thank you, Arthur, for the use of your letter—such a glowing tribute must be an invaluable keep-sake, and I have taken the liberty of having it bound for you, so come up and get it.

Henny "Transparency" Cochran would be a social lion if he were not so prone to make unfortunate remarks. One of his most innocent and disastrous "breaks" occurred at dinner last Xmas. Henny was asked to escort a stunning girl to the dining-room. After encountering some difficulty, because of an awkwardly-placed table leg, he finally succeeded in seating her. There were quite a number of strangers in the company, and conversation naturally lagged. During one of these distressing silences, Henny, anxious to make conversation, glanced down at the offending table leg between them and said, "That is an uncomfortably large leg you have there, Miss Blank." Certainly, here was a case where silence would have been golden.

I suppose I should let Brad Heald *pass*, but that has happened so often that I think I shall have to tell you about one of those occasions. Last fall Brad went to New York to see the Indian game. Strange to relate he saw it, but the connections were very close. He had intended to return at seven o'clock that evening, but he took the elevated train going in the wrong direction. When he reached the terminus Brad found himself in Harlem, and after searching vainly for a ferry wharf, he tore his return ticket up and started for the Murray Hill. He finally reached port, but

it was a stormy passage, for he tried to enter several private houses, mistaking them for his hotel.

No one ever heard of Bummy Booth making a mistake. Seldom, if ever, does one meet so exceptional a man. His manifold nature and character has provoked the pity and admiration of all to whom he has graciously revealed his personality. He is a modern Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, a man of fine mental attainments, shrewd and self-reliant, and yet his moral nature is so warped that at times he is bestial. The pitiable part of it all is, that while he realizes the depths of degradation to which he often descends, he has no feeling of remorse or shame. Can you imagine Bummy in the afternoon advising the Dean and others of the Faculty, suggesting the best policy to pursue with reference to some disciplinary measure, and in the evening falling to the level of the gutter? I tell you all these things have happened, and yet some time ago he assured us that the last page in his sporting history had been turned. That was Dr. Jekyll. But in two weeks Hyde negates the assertions of his higher nature. In Philadelphia he has two bell-boys wheel him up and down the sidewalk on a truck, while he proclaimed in stentorian tones to those passing by, "No coon can come too black for me." Come up, Bummy, we will have a little "before" and "after" demonstration.

Ladies and gentlemen, this picture of Booth was taken before entering college. Look at it. The attitude suggests the strenuous life; the head and features betoken intellectual vigor, high ideals, noble purposes and aims. Look at the original before you—mentally and morally, a mere shadow of his former self; physically, so bloated that you could scarcely recognize him from the picture. Take this with you, Walter. May it spur you on to that attainment of all that is true, desirable and righteous, which it seems to presage.

I am happy to say that Bummy Booth has no exact analogue in the class, but the nearest approach is Bill Edwards. It is true that he has been guilty of many strange deeds, such as examining the horse's teeth before he would ride in a cab, after the Phila. Alumni banquet. But Bill has a tyrannical conscience, and his deviations from the path of rectitude are followed by long periods of remorse. Bill's affectionate disposition and its external effects have won for him the title of "Olga." The vehemence of his ardor is such that on one occasion it entailed the loss of a false tooth, but this was magnanimously replaced. Bill is a sportsman as well as a sport—fond of horses and dogs. Just now his hobby is game cocks, and he has one which he is rapidly getting in fighting trim. Doubtless he would surprise many of his Broome county friends, were he to exhibit it at the fair. It would surely surprise Hal Gaskill's puritanical friends in Rhode Island if they knew that the scar on his head was caused by a policeman's mace. Hal explained it by saying that he was helping to build a bonfire to celebrate an athletic victory, and that a barrel, in falling from the top of the pile, struck him. Doubtless a barrel or keg did have something to do with the scar, but I don't care to discuss that. His work for the cause of humanity amply atones for any slight offence. Much praise has been given those who volunteered in the army. Gaskill was not one of those, but he was one of the few hundred whose services were gratefully accepted by Clara Barton. In the performance of his duties, he was faithful and conscientious, often incurring personal risk. Shortly before his discharge, he was personally complimented by Miss Barton, who likened him to some good Fairy. I tell you too little recognition is given such men, and I am glad to add my mite. Come up, Hal, and take this with you. May it be a pleasant reminder of her for whose cause you sacrificed so much. 'Tis said that James Madison, during

the last year in college, slept on an average three hours each night. I would not detract from such a meritorious record, but I would like to submit to you the names of Chan Murphy and Kid Edwards. These men have equaled, if not broken, the record held by that distinguished son of Old Nassau. The mantle of Hoyle has certainly fallen on their shoulders, and I know of no worthier disciples. Night after night the beacon light burning in Kid's room in Brown, has guided devotees of the national game to their mecca. There on the altar of chance they would sacrifice their patrimony, until the chapel bell announced the time for rounders and acepot. Chan, as you know, was elected paper-sport, and I should be glad to think that his election was due to his familarity with the pasteboards.

You need not look so self-conscious, Eddie, I have not said anything about you, and furthermore, I will not claim that dinner at the Inn, which you promised me on certain conditions, which I shall fulfill. Martini shall never know of your waywardness. May that loving, trustful and clinging girl, who, as it were, leans on you for support, always think of you in the future, as in the past, as a guileless, sympathetic and high-minded comrade.

Phil King stopped me not long ago and asked me what I intended to say about him. I told him that I didn't expect to mention him, and I was sincere at the time. But when he said, "Well, you have my permission to tell them that I have been drunk, "I made up my mind to tell you what he said, and let you draw your own conclusions.

Frankness is an excellent quality within certain limitations set by conventionality, but John Converse certainly o'erstepped the borders, when at a formal dinner, on being asked to have coffee, he politely and graciously refused, remarking that he never drank coffee, except after a hearty meal.

It is a shame Elroy Curtis does not stick to coffee alone.

We would not then have the interesting side lights which were thrown on his character and conduct by one of Tom Cover's many bartending friends. This particular one was employed at Old Point Comfort when the Glee Club was there. Previously he had officiated at the Trenton Grill. In a letter to Tom after the Glee Club trip he writes:

"What have you fellows been doing to Elroy. I understand he is strictly in the matrimony line. She was a bird and he wasn't going to fly off and lose her. He looks a new fellow since he has been away from the stuff. I tell you I was glad to see him, and I guess it was mutual. Remember me to him and write soon.

"Yours for thirst,

"JACK GLYNN."

I presume it is the proper thing to tell people about your love affairs, for Gwynne Huntington and Porker Jones always do, but as a rule 'tis said that bartenders are poor confidants.

If Tommy Cloney chooses to go to bed at four o'clock in the afternoon, I suppose he is privileged to do so. The base-ball manager has many prerogatives, but to disturb an entire hotel is not one of them. About half-past four the guests all through the building were startled by agonized and oft-repeated cries of "Tho it to second! Tho it to second!" Cap Kafer, down in the office, asleep from force of habit, threw off his Derby, thinking it was a mask, and began to look for the second baseman. He finally recognized Tommy's voice, and immediately hunted him up. It was easy enough to find him, yet it proved a very difficult task to pacify him, but Cap finally succeeded. It would have been wise for Freddy Ford to have gone to bed at 4 P. M. on the day that Liv Biddle gave his symposium. In that case he would not have insisted on appearing to take breakfast, with the family of a friend, in a dirty and be-

draggled dress suit. At the same feast Jake Morris experienced that difficulty in finding his mouth which caused him to apply the lighted end of a cigar to his chin.

I see by the customary self-satisfied and contented look on Hans Yeoman's face that he imagines that I will not mention him. So foolish of you to think that, Hans. Didn't I tell you that you would get your quarter. It has been due ever since one of our number deserted the ranks to practice his wiles on other victims, probably he forgot that he owed it to you. I will not embarrass you by asking how you earned it. It is enough that you say you have earned it. Most of us, I fancy, would refuse the job at any price, but I suppose you feel that an honest exchange is at least no robbery. Come up and get your money; as Historian you are compelled to speak of other persons than yourself. That is one reason you were elected to the office. We are all tired of hearing you talk about yourself and your own private affairs. You have told almost every one about your success in teaching Julia Marlowe the art of swimming, and that she used to dive from your shoulders. Does anyone believe you? No! We all know that the truthful story you told about the quarter is the exception which proves your otherwise invariable rule of falsity.

Before closing I have two announcements to make.

First, that the following men have been reported by the proctor for frequenting the chapel: Sam Scott, Byron Hunsberger, Christopher Easton, Cuthbert Brown and John Stuart. All the men except Cuth and Stump, have gone there every day this term, and are only up for frequenting, and that, too, for the first time, while these two have only been caught twice. That's what I call injustice and partiality.

Arthur Bave, registrar of the Princeton Inn, has handed me the second notice.

The following men have exceeded their limit of five

"cuts" at the Grill Room, and unless a satisfactory explanation is made at once, ten hour pensums will be assigned under Professor Turp Kinne, Biddle, O. Brown, Burr, Curtis, Finley, Ford, Gaskill, Heald, Lane and Waggaman.

Knox, Cadwallader and Witherspoon, have taken just five—the number allowed, and so escape.

It is not so stated in the notice, but I presume is generally understood, that no doctor's certificates will be accepted.

PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS.

OWSLEY BROWN.

CLASSMATES—It is at all times a hard thing to say good-bye to friends, even when we expect to meet them soon, and how doubly hard to say good-bye to you, knowing that we can never again stand as we stand to-day, an unbroken band, knit together in the closest bonds of affection.

For four years we have lived apart in a little world of our own, influenced by the same interests and swayed by the same ambitions, but now the time has come when we must leave these places so dear to us and all Princeton men and make our way in that great outside world for whose struggles we have been preparing. Our happy, careless college days are gone beyond recall; our futures may hold much that is bright, but we can never again be undergraduates together with all a boy's keenness of enjoyment and freedom from care.

The years at Princeton must always remain in our minds as a sweet remembrance; they have been filled with all that is of vital interest to a college man, friendly rivalries in which we put forth all our strength and contests, in which defeat seemed only to bind us closer and victory called for a common rejoicing.

We have seen many changes since we entered the old College of New Jersey. During our course Princeton has become a University, new buildings have risen in every direction, and new customs have sprung up, but one thing

we have kept inviolate, the "Princeton Spirit," that mysterious power that all sons of Old Nassau feel rising in their breasts when some obstacle arises which must be overcome. God grant that its influence may help us in our after life as it has here.

What we have done for Princeton is set forth by the other speakers. What we will do for our Alma Mater in our after life will be chronicled in a few short years, but what Princeton has done for us individually and as a class, what trials and reverses our training here will serve to bring us safely through, what strength of purpose to gain our ambitions and what moral strength which will hold us true to them after we have succeeded, these are the benefits that cannot be expressed, the gifts of the mother to her sons.

Only once have we grieved for the loss of one of our number, but at the close of our Freshman year we missed one of the noblest and best beloved of our class. This wreath is the symbol of our affection and respect for his memory. Let each man, as the class-roll is called, step forward and take a blossom from it as a last token of our devotion.

Can the friends that come to us in after life ever grow so deep down in our hearts as the friends in 1900? I hope not. It would be an added grief to me did I think I could feel as strong an affection for another place as for Princeton—that it would not always hold its place to me, a place first of all; that my heart would hold as warm a place, my hand as close a grasp, for other men as it does for the men of 1900.

CLASS HISTORY.

CHARLES YEOMANS.

FRESHMAN YEAR.

COLLEGE PRESS correspondents were no less truth abhorring and fact distorting four years ago than they are to-day. The love of the huge red headline, the thirst for the sensational, the unlimited imagination, have characterized the undergraduate newspaper reporter since the time when James Madison was censured by the college authorities for his account of the battle of Princeton on the ground that it would induce many "anxious mothers" to send their sons to Rutgers. Yet, strange as it may seem and hard to admit, it was through the unscrupulous fabrications of these same howling demagogues that, in the fall of 1896, there entered this University a class of men never before or since equaled.

In the summer of that same year, great preparations were being made for the observance of the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the College of New Jersey. What a harvest for the press correspondents! It was a clever advertising scheme, that Sesqui-Centennial, and we all bit. How could we help it? Colonel Knight's eyes filled with tears as he read the blazing lines in the Shelbyville papers: "Grand Whiskey Centennial Festival among the Classic Shades of Princeton. Not a Cop in the Town. Souvenir Revolvers Given Away."

The *Chattanooga Times* announced "A Hot Time at Princeton. Free Lunch and Free Speech for a Week. A Course of Experimental Lectures on Modern Methods of Lynching." And Walter Watkins took the first train that had a dining car and a drug store attached. The advertisement of a Liedertafel to be given jointly by Whig and Clio Halls brought Cuth Brown, Deil Chambers and John Kelly from Washington, and thus it was that those unprincipled members of the Press Club, the predecessors of our own yellow journalists, Phil Brundage, Bummy Booth, Herb Moore and others, unwittingly added immortal names to our roll.

Watty was followed by hard luck all the way from Tennessee. On the way to the train he lost his heart. On the train he lost his temper and $21. In fact, the railroad tracks were fairly strewn with the results of Watty's hard luck, and when he reached Princeton all that he had left was a shattered nervous system, a complication of diseases that would defy diagnosis, and a huge appetite. His dreams of free lunch faded, and poor Bildad had to go hungry for eighteen minutes.

Bummy Booth was met at the Junction by a delegation from the faculty, detailed to ascertain his policy for the future conduct of the college. Bummy verified the rumor that he intended to turn the place into a University

FRESHMAN YEAR.

within a month, and that he had had his measures taken for a niche in the new library. Pop Jones told me that, and said he got it from Dirty Face Poe, so it must be straight.

Hug Laughlin, upon his arrival, walked majestically along the station platform, with a strong protecting arm around Bert Wheeler, while the Sophomores fell back on either side in mute adoration, and Div Reed, the rising young advocate from Pittsburg, fell a victim to the Golden Fleece and paid Hungry Golden 75 cents to drive him to Easton's. How Bird Oglesby escaped detection will probably never be known, for he came fresh from the school of veterinary surgery, and with his pockets stuffed with large wads of foot-ball salary.

Holy Jones opened the exercises in Marquand Chapel by leading a cheer. Hug Laughlin came in late, stood on exhibition in the pulpit, did a few marvelous feats of strength on the chandelier and attended to the ventilation of the building.

Irv Smith and Bill Dalton were rudely awakened from their perennial naps by a frightful snapping and snarling beneath their seats, and a vigorous kick produced Watty and Phi locked in deadly conflict over a bone. Joe Saks quoted several volumes of Queensbury and awarded the bone of contention to Phi on a foul. Watty retired ignominiously to a back seat, barking a choice line of Confederate profanity, devoured three seat cushions and ate a hole in Prentice Kellogg's ice cream suit, while Tommy Schultz's red and yellow frock coat exultingly closed the service with the doxology.

The usual-required courses in violent gymnastics, vocal culture and the cure of the incurable malady called freshness were promptly begun by a competent corps of instructors. Among the honor men in these subjects were Sam White and Irving Clark, while Stote Fletcher took a

"Summa cum laude." Fruit Lewis was conditioned, for when the examining professor put the question to him, "Mr. Lewis, will you kindly put your light out?" Fruit replied by holding his lamp out of the window, which was not the correct answer.

Our first class meeting was now near at hand, and Ike Brown began to lay his plans for a triumphant campaign, which should result in the election of Owsley Brown to the class presidency. He studied up such gallant phrases as "On to victory, boys!" "Charge them! Let those who dare follow me!" practiced deeds of dashing bravery in front of a looking-glass, picked out Pop Jones as his second in command, and announced that he would that night lead the class to victory or death against the Sophs. For a time all went well, and around the Fresh fire Ike lead cheer after cheer for President Brown and had well nigh added himself to the list of American war presidents, when Pop, fired with undue zeal, spoiled the whole game by trying to impress the President of the Senior Class into the service. Pop was soon convinced that Seniors don't respect gray hairs and Ike was forced to retire from politics for a time.

The following night, however, as the crowning feature of the base-ball celebration, the rush did come off in real earnest. Homer Taylor and Tommy Cover, two of the most promising Freshman candidates for the 'Varsity foot-ball team, were with great difficulty prevented from joining in the melee. Chan Murphy and Phil Le Boutillier agreed that their duty to the University required that they save themselves for the bicycle squad, and the Glee Club management pleaded with Ralph Poole not to risk his throat in the dire struggle. It may seem strange that we were able to win the rush without these pillars of strength, but with Chris Easton defiantly waving the black flag of anarchy in the enemy's face and Kid Imbrie in the front

rank, his huge biceps in full view and his chest expanding on all sides like an exploding dynamite shell, it is small wonder that the Sophomores broke and fled before us.

Those who were bold enough to run the gauntlet down Williams street to the 'Varsity field received a strong stimulus to their growing class pride when they saw Arthur Poe, Bill Edwards, Bummy Booth, Eddie Holt, Bird Oglesby and Tommy Cover being tried at 'Varsity positions. Homer Taylor was there of course but was being saved for the big games. How generous of Bird Oglesby to come out and play foot-ball for nothing. Tommy Cover lasted until compulsory training began and then gracefully withdrew.

The time for the organization of our class was now at hand, and the ward heelers were on their toes.

Tod Bannard engaged as his managers Kid Imbrie and Phil Le Boutillier, and their method of extorting votes by intimidation was highly successful. The Kid would simply walk up to a man like Eddie Holt and say, "Look here, young feller, me and Kid McCoy has got the same chest expansion, and Bill Bannard is the man for President. See?" Whereupon the addressed would humbly pledge his support for the candidate while the expansion and contraction of Harold's neck muscles produced disastrous atmospheric disturbances.

Arthur Poe says that's straight, because he got it from Pop Jones.

But there were other aspirants in the field who had the hardihood to run against handsome Bill. You will pardon me, my readers, for constantly referring to Homer Taylor, but it is unavoidable, since his name has been connected with almost every noteworthy event in this history. Now, Homer knew that if he could only get a chance in the class meeting to stand up and let the class look at him and listen to his oratory, he would be chosen by acclamation on the spot, and would probably get the foot-ball captaincy also, so

as a mere bluff, he accepted a good offer from Frank Jarvis. At the meeting he made a stirring speech, nominating Frank, who applauded vociferously, but Homer's style of beauty did not seem to suit the class, and he and Ike Brown got into a fight over who came the nearer to being nominated. Kid Imbrie arose to put up his man, but before he had uttered a word his jaws became completely muscle-bound, and Bill said he never did care much about being elected anyway. Bert Wheeler was finally chosen president. When Arthur Poe struck town he was taken in hand by the Village Improvement Society, and after having his hair raked and his face mowed, he was almost presentable, and managed to pull the vice-presidency, while Bill Edwards gathered the Lawrenceville contingent around him, or as far around him as possible, and swallowed the secretaryship like a "bashful earthquake." Bill tried to make a speech, but Watty had the floor and was rapidly eating it up, so with Chris Easton and the black flag again at our head, we marched defiantly out of the Gym and into the tender embrace of the Sophomore Class. Then, unmolested, we paraded the town from end to end, which was probably the freshest thing a Freshman Class had ever done.

The recruiting office of the Mercer Blues was now opened, and among those who responded to the call for handsome men with straight legs were Flipper Mountain, Fruit Lewis, Jones and Smith. Uniforms were provided gratis, so Ralph Poole also enlisted. Lengthy Edwards, blushing and shy, refused to enter the recruiting office until the lady typewriter had been removed, and when the officer asked him the color of his eyes, Lengthy flushed deeply and, with a little gasp, replied softly, "We are not alone, sir." Lengthy was given a place in the front rank, but insisted upon being changed to the rear when he found that he was being continually followed by the horrid man behind him. Yes, Carl was only a Freshman then and

just sweet sixteen. No wonder he met the bold man's gaze with downcast eye and feared the impertinent fellow who dogged his footsteps. But we shall see what changes a few years of college life with such as Blind Tom Griffin and Johnny Redfield will work.

That's some of Pop Jones' gossip. He said that Arthur Poe told him about it.

The call for Freshman foot-ball candidates was well responded to, and among the most promising men was George Lathrope, or Handsome George, the lady's pet. On the first day of practice a notice appeared in *The Princetonian* to the effect that Mr. Lathrope would pose from 1 to 2 P. M. daily for the benefit of press photographers, and there was an immediate rise in the price of photographic supplies throughout the country.

The 'Varsity bicycle squad included Haight, Goldschmid, Carrott, Murphy, Le Boutillier and David A. Reed, of Pittsburg, fourteen years of age, engaged to three girls and in love with everyone he chanced to meet, whether unmarried, married or divorced. Why, if it had not been for Sam H. Scott, Div would have been a married man long ago, but usually when Div was in the act of writing letters, telling each girl how little he cared for all the others, Sam's automatic, orchestrian voice would float in at the window, "Hello, Davy Reed! Will you lead prayer meeting to-night?" Then followed the usual struggle between a girl and a conscience, and Div would remain a bachelor for another week.

Our first class base-ball game was with '98, and resulted in a victory for the Juniors. Those who composed the Freshman team were Watkins, A. B. Robinson, Angle, Kafer, Crookston, Burke, Hastings, T. Schultz, Cochran and Hillebrand. Then '97 defeated us 8–2, but these losses were of little consequence, for on October 4th the foundation of our already towering athletic glory was laid, in that

we defeated '99, 11–7. Our class picture was taken two days later with the usual array of funny things in front of us to keep our attention. Tuck De Witt's hat made a reputation for itself that day and his name was a by-word in the mouths of the Sophomores for weeks to come. The literary element in the class became evident with the Hall initiations, when Stote Fletcher, Guts Gansen, Spence Brown, Dutch Sansom, Preston Witherspoon and Deil Chambers were among the neophytes. Deil Chambers! Think of it! A member of Clio Hall! The laziest, most good-for-nothing, came-to-college-for-a-good-time man that ever soiled these classic walks with his sluggard step.

Bummy now had the college running in good working order, and on a still October night he climbed to the roof of Edwards, and, in his clear, musical, Harvard brogue, solemnly said, "Fair Princeton, sublime Alma Mater, I do this night declare thee a university." That sentence was heard around the world and from near and far came men of learning to do homage to Bummy's new creation.

On the 24th the cane spree took place and the light and middle-weight sprees were won by Farmer Hale and Tuck De Witt respectively, while Ben Hart lost the heavy-weight after two rounds of plucky resistance against superior weight. The next day Farmer Hale persuaded Bert Wheeler to call a class meeting and made a speech on the injustice of refusing class numerals to successful cane spreers.

Ralph Poole borrowed a set of golf clubs and with Prentice Kellogg and Ogle tried for the golf team. Ralph acknowledged that he wasn't much on golf, but of course what the golf team needed was a well-dressed, handsome lot of fussers, so he stood a pretty good show against a backwoods hayseed like Kellogg. Pop Jones told me that and he ought to know.

In the first foot-ball game of the interclass series our team was defeated by the Seniors, 6–0.

Hale, Kleinhaus, Brandt and Jarvis were entered in the chess tournament, though it is strange that such a mild game should have interested Harry Brandt and Speedy Jarvis.

Harvard was defeated at Cambridge, November 7th, and 1900 was represented in the game by Doc Hillebrand and Bert Wheeler. On the 11th, '98 defeated the Freshman team, 6–0.

All was now excitement over the coming annual battle on Manhattan Field. Messengers were kept running between Kid Edwards' room and the banks, and Billy Moore's. Jim Cromer, Tubby Folk and Herb England telegraphed for rooms at the Imperial and seats at the Princeton Club. Bus Boyd made a last desperate effort to learn the manly art of cigarette smoking without after-effects, while Ducky Martin, Babe Barringer, Don Scott and Cuth Brown made a careful study of New York church notices for the Sunday following the game.

The day of the game, November 21st, dawned as most foot-ball days do, and the sentiments which Philosopher Davis expressed as he looked at the weather were far from philosophic. It rained all day, but little difference did that make. Princeton 24, Yale 6, was the score, and the Princeton banks boomed. Kids Edwards and Schmidt both declared that the game was a great financial success, though how they came to know anything about the gate receipts even Pop Jones couldn't tell. Bud Ross startled Pork Jones with the assertion that Yale would have won the game if we had lost it. Bud always was a deep thinker.

Four days later our class team administered a rubbing-in by defeating Yale 1900 on the 'Varsity field, 14–4. Our line-up was as follows: Oglesby and Cadwalader, l. e.;

Dalton, l. t.; Edwards, l. g.; Mitchell, c.; Booth, r. g.; Hillebrand, r. t.; H. Lathrope, r. e.; Poe, q. b.; G. Lathrope (Capt.) and Reid, l. h.; Palmer, r. h.; Wheeler, f. b.

This completed the schedule of Freshman games. The previous games had resulted as follows:

October 10th—1900, 6; Pennington, 0.

October 24th—1900, 14; Hill School, 4.

November 4th—1900, 12; Lawrenceville, 6.

November 11th—1900, 14; Pennington, 0.

Games with Peddie Institute and Columbia 1900 were cancelled.

Winter, with its few joys for Freshmen, was now upon us, and the time dragged slowly to Christmas vacation, little brightened by the unfavorable result of the Harvard Debate.

On the 21st the musical clubs started on their trip, taking with them Harry Lathrope and Don Scott on the Glee Club, Brad Heald and Hank De Witt on the Banjo Club, and Senior Banks and Stote Fletcher on the Mandolin Club.

Bummy now called off all college duties for two weeks, and Pen Fuller and George Oberteuffer relucantly closed their books and departed for a much-needed rest.

Bud Ross borrowed a hat, collar, necktie and a few other necessaries, including railroad fare, and caught the weekly stage for Doylestown, Pa. He said he didn't really care very much about going home, but then it would save two weeks' laundry bills, so it was worth while. Bud was, of course, much sought after during his short stay in the city, and there was a free fight every evening over who should sit next to him around the little white iron stove in the Fountain House grill, while he told of the college town where crackers and cheese don't cost a cent, and where, if

you stand around long enough and don't offer to yourself, your friend will pay for the soda water.

Bill Williger od got home on time. In fact, home is the only place where Bill ever did arrive on time, and it is needless to say he was less prompt in returning to college. But is he not more to be pitied than censured? Indeed, from a Freshman's point of view, there are few more god-forsaken cities southeast of the Klondike than Princeton during the winter term.

Somebody, Newt Noble, they say it was, received a Christmas gift of measle germs and brought them back to college with him. Newt was hustled down to the Infirmary where a certain fair Miss B—— was acting as nurse. The glad tidings spread rapidly, and within a week every other man in the class was taken ill and relegated to that haven of rest and good grub. Careful diagnosis, however, proved that the epidemic was simply one of malignant "chercher la femme," and a potent remedy was administered in the form of midyear exams. Imagine Dick Cadwalader or John Converse allowing such folly to endanger their first groups; or Kid Stuart, for instance. Why, during those two fateful weeks anyone who ventured to disturb the Kid in his study was met by a shower of dictionaries and oaths, and would walk away wondering why Kid Stuart did all his work on scented monogram note paper. The end of the ordeal found Deil Chambers with twelve hours conditions and not a friend in the faculty. See how he blushes at the truth, now for the first time made public!

The second election for class officers placed Harry Lathrope in the chair, with Bummy Booth as his assistant and Doc Hillebrand his private amanuensis.

A Glee Club concert was given for the benefit of Evelyn Seminary and was well attended by Tubby Folk, who declared that life in Princeton would be worse than death if

Evelyn were closed. Bud Ross and Ralph Poole took tickets and got in free.

The Washington's Birthday exercises, with their cards and calumny, began with a lecture on mural decoration by Prof. Pendleton Fuller, assisted by Messrs. Lloyd, Wheeler, Noble, Hillebrand and H. Lathrope. The strictest attention was paid to Prof. Fuller's demonstrations, and it was with great difficulty that the eager crowd was restrained from forcing its way into the lecture room. So Pop Jones says.

The month of March, unlike Roger Knox, passed away slowly and finally led up to base-ball practice. Meanwhile our class musical clubs had at last been organized. Don Scott was the nominal leader of the Glee Club, but of course only by permission of R. H. Poole, who was in reality leader of everything except an honest life. Ralph allowed Ferd Wilcox and Sam Scott to sit and beat time for the other two clubs, merely to form a striking contrast to himself. The first trip was to University Hall and the second to Lawrenceville.

Glee Club.—First tenors.—Olds, H. Lathrope, C. K. Smith. *Second tenors.*—Lewis, Poole, Rathbun. *First basses.*—Dickson, Giffin, Taylor. *Second basses.*—D. C. Scott, (Leader), Getty, Mountain, Waage, Yeomans.

Banjo Club.—Banjeaurines.—Curtis, Heald, McCulloh, L. De Witt, Martin, Wilcox, (Leader). *Guitars.*—Andrews, Laughlin, C. Stuart, Thomasson. *Banjo.*—Crookston. *Piccalo.*—Westcott.

Mandolin Club.—Mandolins.—Andrews, Banks, Feagles, Goodenough, Martin, S. Scott, (Leader), S. White. *Violin.*—Otis. *Flute.*—Fletcher. *Cornet.*—Oglesby. *Guitars.*—Laughlin, C. Stuart, Thomasson, Westcott, Wilcox.

Dutch Langenberg and Sister Olds now announced a personally conducted tour by fast freight to the inauguration of Pres. McKinley at Washington. Expenses, 30 cents.

Few of the tourists got beyond Trenton. Sister Olds, however, succeeded in intimidating a train crew and secured accommodations for a few in a refrigerator car, and the tourists, for mutual warmth, slept heaped up like "cold bots in a champagne bucket," as Bob Carter would say. Sister spent the time in Washington in asking policemen where the British legacy was.

The call for track team candidates brought out Clayton Banks, Shark Reading and Bull Griffin in the mile walk. Banks refused to compete in a race with a Fifth Avenue walk like Griffin's, and so, there being only two contestants, Griffin won second place and his numerals. Just pull his vest open some time when he is not watching, and you will find a large 1900 embroidered on his shirt front.

Our class base-ball team was composed of the following men: Crookston, l. f.; Watkins, 3 b.; Burke, 2 b. (Capt.); Robinson, c. f.; Angle, p.; Campbell, c.; Jones, s. s.; Dohm, r. f.; Ford, 1 b.

There was but one lucky man in the class who received an invitation to the Freshman hop at Evelyn, and that was Eddie Hulbert. Now, Eddie didn't happen to know any girls at Evelyn and was a little suspicious, but Bill Bamford examined the document and proclaimed it genuine. He told Eddie that he had had lots of invitations addressed to "Darling Billy" and signed with an assumed name, though most of them were written with white ink on blue paper. Well, Eddie got into his dress suit and went down to Evelyn at 5 P. M., which did seem an unusual hour for a hop. Imagine his feelings as he read the sign on the Evelyn door—"Closed! Diphtheria." The poor boy collapsed like a deck-plate-girder bridge. Now, to go back to his room would be the ruin of his social rep., so in despair Eddie wandered all night long down in Potter's Woods. There he came upon Johnny Bergland, Johnny Lane and several others sitting around a glowing camp fire, listening

to the katydids and drinking sarsaparilla. Eddie turned up at 192 Nassau street at the proper hour, namely, 2:30 A. M., but with a corkscrew caught in his coat tails, which did not speak well for Evelyn Seminary.

The Harvard base-ball series was close and exciting, but entirely satisfactory.

The Sixth U. S. Cavalry paid us a short visit, and the Mercer Blues became discouraged and decided to disband. Then came the annual circus, and Bill Edwards and Eddy Holt pulled out the strong-haired man's hair, while Div Reed entered the serpent charmer's name on his list.

What a metamorphosis is involved in that last examination in the spring of Freshman year! In the dull chrysalis of corduroys and black Jersey we enter the examination-room, write a few pages in feverish haste, and then as we scratch off the last meaningless bluff in answer to the last question on the paper, we burst our shells and disclose the orange and black of the newly-hatched Sophomore. Yes, and we have seen men like Moffatt, Gerhart and Austin light their pipes and call themselves Sophomores as they leave the room, when they know they have flunked everything, and are really not entitled to the privilege of running zigzag up and down Nassau street and shooting Roman candles at each other all night long.

That is the way almost every Freshman year winds up, but it is not every Freshman year that adds to its grand finale a victory of 22 to 8 over Yale on Manhattan Field as ours did.

SOPHOMORE YEAR.

There are various ways of enjoying a summer vacation, but perhaps the most unique method is that which Johnny Converse adopted. John was down at the seashore, and, after skillfully arranging matters so that he had a cottage all to himself, he wrote to George Oberteuffer:

"*Dear Oby:*

"Do come down here and spend a few days with me. Get Liv Biddle and Irv Smith and come as soon as possible This sea air is simply intoxicating.

"Yours,

"JOHN."

Well, Oby was sure that sea air was cheap and that you didn't even have to sign checks for it, so he and Liv and Irv accepted. One evening, after Liv had gotten an unusual amount of sea air up his nose, he walked into a drug store and very politely asked the druggist to come outside and stand on his head, which was, of course, a most reasonable request, being right in the line of pharmacy. But the unobliging druggist refused, whereupon Liv, in

righteous indignation, removed a large number of the gentleman's front teeth. The party spent the night well protected from the sea air, and the next morning the host was surprised with this telegram: "Dismiss guests, close cottage and come home at once." It is needless to say that John returned to college well tanned.

In September, '97, beside a considerable legacy from '99, we were joined by Earl Farwell, the wizard of the West, and Bill Thompson, Farwell's hired assistant. After careful search they decided upon George Lathrope as their first victim, not that they practiced their witchcraft upon him, but they got George to let them use his room for their exhibitions. Then Far would send Bill out into the by-ways and hedges to summon all the easy marks in college, among them Orvy Ecker and Bud Ross, for there was no admission charged, and at about 2 A. M., when every one in the room was fast falling asleep, Far would begin his diabolical "drowsy sleepy! drowsy sleepy!" and Mouthy Maltman and Bill Willigerod would naturally fall asleep. George Lathrope was completely taken in. Ask him now if he doesn't believe in hypnotism. Then, too, his photograph appeared in the papers as the handsome manager of the Farwell Nut Farm, and George does love notoriety. It was a pity that the wizard did not make use of his art against the Freshman base-ball team on October 9th. Carl Edwards was there and made twice as much noise as the horns, but what we needed was a little of Far's patent soporific to keep the Freshmen down to our pace. Score, 7–12.

What a change in Lengthy Edwards! Who would have recognized in this bold, bullying, loud-mouthed, irrepressible brute, the bashful, unassuming Edwards of the year before. Several attempts were made to hold a class meeting, but it was no use when Lengthy was around, for a dozen gymnasium mats would not keep him quiet, so it was

not until late in October that we were able to elect new class officers. Meantime the rush had taken place and Prentice Kellogg had adopted Ike Brown's campaign tactics and had met with Ike's success. Just as the defeated Freshmen were leaving the field Kelly rushed out from behind a tree near by, climbed upon the blood-stained cannon, led a cheer and then gracefully fainted from exhaustion and wounds. Ike told him afterwards that it was splendidly done and that he would get the presidency sure. He added that he would have had it himself in Freshman year if it hadn't been for Roundy Jones. When it came to the election, however, Kelly could control only six votes, namely, Bull Griffen, T. Ferdinand Wilcox, Baron and three fox-terrier pups. Bummy Booth forced the University Trustees to forbid the election of anyone but Walter C. Booth to the class presidency, so we had no choice in the matter. Eddie Burke worked the Murray Hall vote for second place and Cap Kafer took charge of our archives and funds. Cap was just then learning to smoke, and, inasmuch as the class bank account had just been turned over to him, he celebrated his election by blowing himself to a "weak cigar," as he calls it.

The cane spree was a sure thing from the start. Tuck De Witt's strangle hold had become famous, and Bill Thompson simply took George Lathrope's advice and whispered a few "drowsy sleepys" into his man's ear, and we couldn't help winning two canes. Neb Turnbull was our light-weight, but was less fortunate.

Mainly through the efforts of Stote Fletcher and Pop Corbin a rigid discipline was enforced in the Freshman Class, for the days of emancipation had not yet arrived, and, moreover, Johnny Dean had dropped in upon us for a short stay, and there were not a few of us who had experienced his methods of the year before. By the way,

did Johnny ever tell you that story about how he crawled under the circus train and, by raising his back, upset each car as he went along and then hid in the smoke-stack?

Johnny Bergland was also of a mechanical turn of mind and took an optional evening course in boiler inspection, east of the new library.

Those were the happy days of the Sophomore eating clubs, where table manners were forbidden and food was served on the fly; where every door and window emitted eatables like the horn of plenty itself and where all that a man got to eat was just what happened to land upon his mouth instead of his eye. It was quite the usual thing to meet George Siedler coming up Williams street with an artificial complexion of stewed tomatoes and his hair prematurely whitened with mashed potatoes, and the club interiors were tastefully decorated with running designs in stucco. Truly that was a far country and we the hungry prodigals. But this club life provided other pleasures also, such as the overthrow of Nat Dean by big Hug Laughlin, and the time when the aforesaid Dean came so near to being expelled for hazing, having received a summons from the Faculty which was about as genuine as Eddie Hulbert's invitation to Evelyn.

One day in November, as Stote Fletcher was riding rapidly down lower Canal street on his wheel he met Kid Stuart walking with a beautiful young lady of German descent to whom Stoughton had for some time been devoted. This was too much. Stote groaned. Everything grew black before his eyes. He reeled in his saddle. He urged on his trusty steed, but the ripple of jeering laughter from those fair lips fractured the front forks, and, as he was being carried to the Infirmary to have his mouth repaired, "those who heard him, say he softly said," "Delia! How could you?"

The foot-ball season was now far advanced, and our enthusiasm rose to its highest pitch at the mass meeting in the Gym. The game was to be held at New Haven that year instead of Gotham, as before. Of course, the change did not please Sister Olds and his gang, but it was a good thing for them nevertheless. Bill Edwards, Bummy Booth, Bert Wheeler, Eddie Holt and Doc Hillebrand were on the team, and Harry Lathrope was next thing to it, so we expected great things, and, indeed, as far as nervy, typical Princeton foot-ball goes, we were not to be disappointed, but Yale was better still and won the championship by a touchdown. It was a sorrowful, ugly crowd that came down from New Haven that night, and an excited alumnus got into an altercation with Bud Ross and told him he would call with a committee from his class and settle the matter in Princeton later. The grad. then fiercely demanded Bud's address, and the latter, with his usual admirable diplomatic shrewdness, gave Phil Le Boutillier's address instead of his own, thereby placing Phil under great obligations to himself. What a wonderful lawyer that boy will make! To think that an eminent phrenologist should have told him never to go into law! Tommy Schultz paid the phrenologist's fee.

December was relieved of some of its dullness by the arrival of snow, and by the Kneisel Quartet concerts at which Hug Laughlin was always a little late—just conventionally late, you know. He was always in time to revive the flagging enthusiasm of the audience by moving about the hall, opening and closing windows and counting the girls that were falling in love with him at first sight. Hug says he has to carry a logarithm book with him now in order to figure out the number of breaking hearts in sight.

It might be interesting at this point to know that the inscriptions on the visor of Watty's club cap were rapidly

multiplying and read about as follows—"Captain, Chattanooga Sluggers. Third Base and best batter, 1900 class team. Quarter back, scrub foot-ball team. Future 'Varsity center fielder, and best built runt in college."

Bummy now allowed us another two weeks' rest while he himself stayed in Princeton to reorganize the absence committee. Doc Hillebrand also remained here and became involved in an "affaire du coeur." Who was that pretty girl that you delivered Tom Cloney's and Bill Dalton's note to, Doc? Are you sure it wasn't Stote Fletcher's faithless sweetheart? What was it she said when you asked her to take a walk? No, it wasn't very kind in Tom and Bill to hide behind the board fence, either. That story came from Pop Jones, and Biff Lee swears that "nobody knows but old Pop Jones."

Upon our return after New Year the free copies of the "New York Voice" began to pour in and to throw in our faces the utter depravity of our college life and to describe to us the scenes of riotous drunkenness upon our campus. Seniors drunk, Juniors drunk, Sophomores, Freshmen, professors, seminoles, janitors, policemen, proctors, horses, dogs, Brad Heald, everbody drunk! Such was the condition of affairs described by the Princeton correspondent of the "New York Voice," and to this day no one has known who that lying reporter was. But now you shall know, my classmates. This is indeed the day of judgment of our college career, and inscrutable justice bids every man answer for his deeds, be they good or bad, and it is therefore my painful duty to denounce Kid Urban as the traitor who sought to drag the fair name of our Alma Mater in the dirt. Kid Urban, with his gentle, child-like face, playing the organ in a Philadelphia church on Sunday and the next day rotting the Western Union wires with his diabolical inventions! Let his name be stricken from our class roll, if Mucker King can read writing well enough to recognize

it. Yes, our indignation gets the better of us when we think of this outrageous incident, but we must return to the pleasanter and quieter narrative of our history, and there is nothing which possesses a more sobering influence than the February exams., which now occupied our attention for two weeks.

Then who has forgotten those black, stormy nights before the 22d? How we tramped up and down through the rain, waiting for venturesome Freshmen, while Kid Imbrie brewed hot drinks in the kitchen and Colonel Knight played tiddledewinks upstairs and got terribly excited when his own classmates sprang the patent burglar alarm. How Kid Edwards planned to ferret the Freshmen out of dark corners with the aid of Roman candles, and was chased by the entire police force and a dog, and how Tex Fraser and Billy Hammond attempted a systematic and complete extirpation of the Junior Class.

On March 9th, Billy Robinson was elected assistant manager of the foot-ball team. Ike Brown was also running for the position, but his chances had not recovered from his fiasco of the year before.

It was shortly after this that Holy Jones organized his famous free-beer parade and anti-Spanish demonstration, and he and Slugger Sloane slept all night on the steps of Dickinson Hall.

Hug Laughlin was working for a place on the editorial staff of the *Daily Princetonian*, and Phil King was a dangerous second. Hug was practically sure of the position of society editor, when he reported a lecture on the "Niebelungen Lied" and called it the "Nibullen League," and Mucker King won out, and even Phil Le Boutillier was considered a better newspaper man than Hug. Pop Jones and Dazzler Dalzell were also initiated in the *Princetonian* office.

The war fever consequent upon the destruction of the

battleship Maine brought to light heroes of various kinds. Military companies were organized and Brokaw Field swarmed with men of determined countenance, tramping on each other's feet and wearing out the grass. Then there were "Fire-eater" mass meetings and anti-Spanish parades. Then the Press Club blew up the gas-works, both to get rid of a dangerous rival and to supply material for the yellow journals. A few days later Yale won the debate and finally Congress declared war on Spain and diplomatic relations were severed between Carl Burr and Chan Murphey. At this point almost everybody had had time to think up a good excuse and the grass on Brokaw Field was given another chance for its life. Gus Dohm, of course, could not desert Hose Company No. 34, and leave the town unprotected against fire. Johnny Bergland had just been cruelly jilted and he bravely came so near deciding to enlist that he deserves mention among the rest of our Hobsons. On the way back from the Jersey City Glee Club concert John Converse commissioned himself as the North Atlantic Patrol Squadron, sank a Spanish brakeman, captured Len George and Jack Bennett, and fiercely attacked an approaching freight train. What need was there for John to go to war after such a naval campaign?

But in all seriousness we do and well may boast of the men in our class who served in the war with Spain, for no other class was so well represented, and the railroad station never echoed with heartier cheers than when our volunteers went to join their regiments. Those who enlisted at that time, or were already enrolled, were Angle, Bamford, O. Brown, Buell, J. L. De Witt, Finley, Jackson, H. Lathrope, McKee, Rand, Rhodes, Sansom, Thompson, Voorhees, S. S. White and Witherspoon.

Bill Edwards was among those who applied for admission to Battery A, Pennsylvania Light Artillery, but was excluded for adipose reasons. Bill was persistent and

wrote to the War Department, stating that he only weighed 284 and could easily train down to 275, and that he was considered the most gracefully agile Apollo in college. It was useless, however, for the answer to Bill's letter read :

"*Dear Sir* :

"This war is to be in Cuba, not India, and hence there is no immediate call for elephants nor have we adequate means of transportation for same."

Fin Carrott came to the conclusion that the home field for heroism was sufficiently large and sought fame in the romantic world. As a preliminary test of his courage he tried throwing glasses at Earl Farwell and then laughing a scornful laugh when Far became wroth and wanted to fight. His nerve seemed to be in satisfactory condition, so like a knight errant of old, Fin set out on his wheel in search of adventure. Meeting a carriage well filled with pretty girls he picked out the best of the lot and then succeeded in persuading the horses to run away. The girls began to fall out in rapid succession and Fin continued his frantic efforts to stop the terrified animals until at last the right girl was thrown out, when he dismounted, and holding her trembling form in his manly embrace, allayed her fears with gentle words. Thus for about four hours Fin sat by the roadside with this fair creature in his arms, and whenever anyone passing by offered assistance he sent him for a doctor. But suddenly loud screaming and laughter came to his ears. A cloud of dust appeared up the road and out of it burst a beautiful young lady of the swell set moving westward at a ten-second pace. Not far behind her came Tommy Schultz with his side wheel crab gait, shrieking at the top of his voice—"Help! Help! She's got my ring! She's got my ring!" Porker Jones says Tommy caught her about four miles beyond Lawrenceville, and upon his knees persuaded her to sell the ring back for six dollars.

Base-ball prospects were exceedingly bright. Doc Hillebrand, Cap Kafer, Eddy Burke, Bildad Watkins and Blaine Robinson were working for positions, and the result of the Harvard series seemed to predict another championship.

George Siedler found his match at last. A man who was almost his equal at telling long, tiresome stories of adventures of which the narrator was hero. This gentleman spent several weeks with George, was fed in the usual way at George's club, and upon his final departure presented his easy host with an empty cologne bottle. Bud Ross and Ralph Poole got some good pointers on economy and began an exhaustive work entitled, "Have You a Cigarette?"

Sam Feagles took a sudden liking to farming and Bel Belknap says he had a passion for haystacks, and that his walls were covered with photographs of such things, and of many other things which are not such.

Bummy Booth now announced that he had accepted the gift of a new dormitory from Hon. Henry Stafford Little, '44, and ground was broken for the new building at Commencement. McCracken Turnbull says that isn't so, and anyone who tries to dispute Mac's assertion is simply bucking against the established facts of universal history, for Mac knows everything. He can tell you just how many inches of padding there are on Wee Davis' shoulders. He can tell you just how many Sundays Gwynne Huntington has spent outside of Wilmington, and the exact date, hour and object of Harry Lathrope's first trip to Brooklyn, and if you urge him sufficiently he will tell you why Bert Wheeler advocates the uplifting of the negro and the widening of Marquand Chapel steps.

The Atlantic City Glee Club concert was a decidedly patriotic affair and Cal McCulloh and Hank de Witt lay in state, wrapt in the Stars and Stripes like fallen heroes. Hank bought a new hat as usual.

Base-ball affairs were now rather unsettled and our chances had to be figured out pretty closely. Cap Kafer was elected captain in place of Butler, '98, resigned, and later Peewee Tight Cloney was elected assistant manager. Harvard fell an easy victim and we defeated Yale in the first game, 12–7. But on our own grounds Yale won, 6–4, and two weeks later became champions by a victory of 8–3 in New York. Thus ended the only year of foot-ball or base-ball defeat by Yale since Nineteen Hundred came to Princeton.

JUNIOR YEAR.

"Coffee, sir?"

"Yes, Demi-tasse; large cup."

So spake Cuth Brown. He and Sam Scott were on their way back to college and had gotten as far as New York, and, of course, once in that city, there was little chance of Cuth getting Sam back to Princeton before Thanksgiving, so long as the money lasted. But that was the point. The money had just about given out, and though Sam was well acquainted with every three-ball joint on the Bowery, Cuth refused to resort to such means of retrenchment, and they were now talking the matter over in Child's. Sam was strong for another evening at the Princeton Club, while Cuth wanted to get back to town in time for Eddy Prieth's hot-air session on foreign missions that afternoon. They were in the midst of the discussion when Pop Jones walked in, with his face totally eclipsed, and no wonder. He had just discovered that he had paid a five-dollar gold piece instead of a nickel for a ride on the elevated. But that was not all. Pop had been visiting, and had fallen

deeply in love with a handsome Southern girl. It was quite evident to Pop, moreover, that she was struck by his fine Gibson face and dignified carriage, and it was, perhaps, to be expected that Pop should hastily run over the marriage service in his head, when she drew him aside on the moon-lit veranda just as he was about to leave for the station. Yes, there were tears in her eyes. They were just as plain as Bud Ross's gray hairs. She stifled a sob, and, with a sudden impulsive forward step, softly asked, "Baldy, will you mail this letter for me?" Pop didn't really care very much about the five-dollar gold piece, because he was business manager of the *Bric-a-Brac*, which helped him out nicely.

Gradually the broken-hearted relics of summer society drifted back to begin the best year of the four. Junior year brings relief from the constant call-down of upper classmen, and yet is free from the burden of responsibility which settles upon the Senior's shoulders. And yet there were some beside those already referred to who had their troubles at this time. Tommy Cover, for instance, had entered the field of letters and spent night after night in sleepless worry over the success of the *Bric-a-Brac*. George Oberteuffer was also on the board of editors, and so stupendous did the undertaking appear that he gave up his college course for the mad struggle for existence in the restless marts of Philadelphia.

Jim Thorne claims that he was the biggest addition to 1900 at this time, and on certain occasions he could make Pud Prentice and George Warren admit it. Jim came down to Princeton in order to have leisure for the completion of his book of travels, which will soon be in the hands of the printer. The first volume treats of life among the Geisha girls, and the second is entitled "Zigzag Journeys Among the Trees on the Campus." Jim secured apartments on the top floor of West, which he furnished with

a few necessities of life, including a clock, which deals out champagne bottles every time it strikes, and can be regulated to strike for several days without stopping. George Denny comes into our narrative arm-in-arm with Jim, and is said to have aided in inventing the wonderful clock.

But to return from biography to history. Once more the pigskin attracted all eyes. George Lathrope was again the camera's mark, much to Frank Lloyd's discomfort. Bob Oglesby and Pop Jones turned out. Watty's physician allowed him a little foot-ball practice now and then, and by feeding heartily on grass and sustaining himself by frequent pulls at his celery compound bottle between plays, the last days of his life were considerably lengthened. Jim Thorne and Dutch Langenberg were in evidence for a day or two. Mac Turnbull was down and assisted Captain Hillebrand with his vast knowledge of how the team ought to be run. Doc kept his nerve, however, and did not resign. Other candidates were Arthur Poe, Newt Noble, Bill Edwards, Bummy Booth, Waage Waggaman, Colonel Knight, Bill Bannard and Toot Hendrickson, the last a legacy from '99.

Charlie Neibel, "fairer than the fairest," was another addition to our forces, and his "amber tresses dyed in glue" were conspicuous in the Chapel choir.

New class officers were now elected, and Harry Lathrope was favored with a second term as president, while No. 3 South Reunion worked a combine with itself, and Cap Kafer and Tommy Cloney struck a good bargain.

The interclass base-ball games were not the cause of any undue exultation on our part, for it was one continual balloon ascension, and not a game did we win. What was the trouble, MacCracken? Weren't you on the team?

About this time Div Reed spent a few hours in town and then returned to headquarters in New York. Div's home

is Pittsburg, but he was living in New York, and she would allow him only a day or two a month in Princeton.

Bildad the Shoeheight Watkins decided to celebrate the purchase of a new yellow slicker by a little theater party in Trenton, so he invited a few of his blooded Southern friends, Tick Williams, White Wing, Ducky and Tick's "yaller gal." Tommy Schultz was also one of the party, and wore his usual outlandish rig of golf trousers and frock coat and no necktie. Tommy is so careless about his dress! It didn't look much like rain, but Watty wore his slicker and the conventional rubber boots of opera-going society, and the finishing touches were lent by a muddy foot-ball Jersey, for Porker Jones was wearing the sixth southwest shirt that week. As he took his seat in the first row of the orchestra there was a slight rustle of excitement through the house, and a blushing, bejeweled debutante in a first tier box remarked to a friend in the fourth gallery, "Say, I'll bet that feller works on a garbage wagon."

Commemoration Day passed without excitement except when Phil King interrupted a prayer by leading a cheer in which no one followed. Phil caught the infection from Holy Jones and will undoubtedly lead a rousing locomotive at his own funeral.

There seemed to be nothing doing at the Intercollegiate Golf Tournament, and it would be cruel to describe how Stump Stuart and Chan Murphy dug up the Ardsley links until they looked like the campus the day after the new trees were planted in front of Witherspoon.

Brokaw Field was to be the scene of the first Yale football game in Princeton, and Bill Robinson was busy pulling up weeds, building board fences and railroad tracks, and refusing deadheads, after the manner of all managers. The prospects of a victory on the twelfth were dubious indeed, for, though the line was strong and in good condition, the back field was very badly crippled, and the game with

Virginia produced little encouragement. At the last moment, however, Cap Kafer came out and brought a much-needed re-enforcement for the backs.

When at last the specials poured out their gay crowds and doubled the population of the town, Princeton was at its best, for the weather was perfect and there was nothing to dampen the intense enthusiasm which shone in every face. It is needless to go into the details of the victory, for who has forgotten them? But never did as many thousand apparently sane people come more dangerously near to absolute lunacy than when Poe, the eighteenth, covered the nineteenth yard of his run and won the game.

Stump Stuart had come nearer to beating his man in the Intercollegiate Golf Tournament than any one else, and so, on November 15th he was elected captain of the golf team, entitled to wear the loudest stockings and the brawliest Scotch accent in town.

Meteoric showers were predicted to occur at about this time, and we all kept our slickers handy. The shower did come finally, but it consisted mainly of oaths from bedroom windows, which were too hot for the Halstead telescope to handle.

Of course everybody who could raise the price went up to New Haven for the Yale Debate, and Holy Jones had a fine line of "r-r-ray, r-r-rays" up his sleeve, but Yale was desperate now and her team won.

Then came the mass meeting, in which Sam Scott made a speech in favor of the anti-hazing resolutions and almost caused their rejection.

Christmas vacation was deprived of its most interesting feature, namely, the Glee Club trip, for it is on these musical tours that reputations and other things are won and lost, and great men live and die and live again. The only event to fill the gap was the Intercollegiate Chess Tour-

nament, in which 1900 was not represented, and to this fact we may attribute our third place.

Sam Feagles spent his vacation in the employ of the Whitely Exerciser Company, being photographed for their advertisements at five dollars a day. What a wonderful build Sam has! And how unconscious of it he is. No one except Bell Belknap ever saw him pose all day before his mirror, and nobody except the whole class ever watched him come in late to recitations or attend chapel in his gym suit. The face of a Wilcox, the physique of an Imbrie, the charms of a Lazarus, and yet, withal, the modesty of a Laughlin.

Doctors' excuses were quoted high this year and the trade was brisk, so it was not until well on in January that we settled down again to the humdrum life of the winter term. Then Bill Edwards was elected captain of the foot-ball team, and the February exams did terrible execution among the epicureans until the mad whirl of the Junior promenade brought sweet forgetfulness.

The engaged men now hurriedly packed their suit-cases and sneaked out of town—Gwynne Huntington to Wilmington, Bert Wheeler to Witherspoon street, Div Reed to New York, and Harry Lathrope to Brooklyn, where "dear Harry's room" is always ready for him.

On the night of the annual Liedertafel, which follows the Junior Prom. on the schedule of social events, the Nassau pharmacy took fire, and Gus Dohm, by his heroic work, cut down Doc's insurance so much that the fire didn't really pay at all. Ralph Poole and Bud Ross were the only gainers, for the next day they secured several boxes of water-logged cigars at half-price.

The small-pox scare was the cause of a large number of leaves of absence, and Liv Biddle, Carl Burr and a few others took advantage of the opportunity and attended a little social affair in Philadelphia. After the dinner Carl

mistook the dumb-waiter for an elevator and was landed rather abruptly in the center of a circle of amused servants. Something had to be done to remove the false impression that he had visited the basement without any object whatever, so Carl assumed a man-of-the-house air and began shoveling coal into the furnace, or rather at the furnace door.

Just before Easter, Phil King became editor-in-chief of the *Daily Princetonian*, which position involves, as Phil will testify, many pleasures beside those of mere editorial life. He immediately became a vigorous promoter of the honor system and the hazing resolutions, both of which he had bitterly opposed up to that time. He wrote editorials in praise of the absence committee until armed mobs threatened his office. Then he jumped on the Faculty, and Pres. Patton administered a rebuke. Finally, in despair, he returned to the old harmless topics like the condition of Williams street and wisely abandoned his foolish ideas of reform.

Harvard won the debate, and the base-ball season opened with an appalling list of defeats, relieved at intervals by minor victories. But early failures have no terrors for Princeton athletics, and it is when the championship appears farthest away that college spirit runs highest, and it is when support is most needed that it is most heartily given.

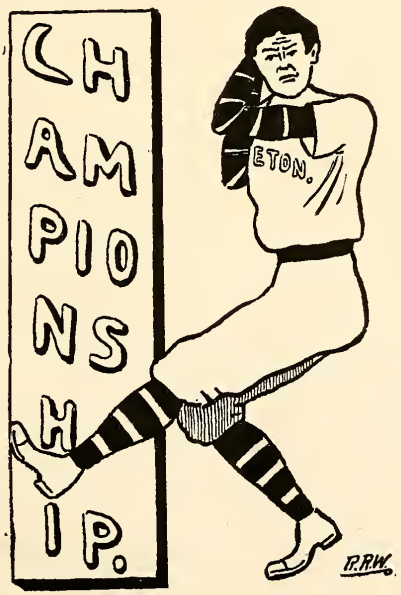
The Glee Club organization got in a few short trips during the spring, and Brad Heald and Tommy Thomasson struck up an undying friendship. Unfortunately for Brad, Tommy struck first.

The gun team won from Pennsylvania and took third place in the intercollegiate shoot.

The May number of the *Lit.* gave Herb Moore a chance to get square with '99 for some hazing he had suffered in Freshman year, and in his "Gossip" he waded into the

Seniors with hammer and tongs. Then, like Mucker King and the other reformers, he discreetly moderated his tone and confined himself to milder criticism.

The two Harvard games were easy, and Pawnee Bill retreated in disorder, and before we knew it the Annapolis artists were holding forth on the front campus and the Seniors sweltering in caps and gowns, while we, the tranquil and impartial observers of Senior ceremony and Freshman and Sophomore ribaldry, spent the last days of the year in serene contentment, while the base-ball laurels hovered lower and lower over us and at last, after we had separated for the summer, on June 17th, crowned our team with another championship.



SENIOR YEAR.

The last strains of that grand old hymn, "Holy, Pop and Harvey," were just dying away in the lower corridors of the Inn, when there appeared in the doorway a creature the sight of which struck terror to the heart of the boldest. It was the figure of an old man, shrunken, pale and emaciated, and yet bearing a startling resemblance to one who had been amongst us the year before, and the notice of whose death we had all read in the papers. Bill Edwards hid behind Kid Stuart. Even Lengthy Edwards was struck dumb. Bob Oglesby tried some of his well-known charms, such as "Back ter the Woods!" but without effect. Finally the specter moved slowly forward, sat down at a table, buried his face in his arms and muttered, "Well, ma po' ole stomach won't las' much longer." Yes, it was Watty, still alive and able to "hop the bug." He explained afterwards that he had come so near his last meal during the summer that he decided to put a death notice in the paper, so that "we all could know jes how bad he was up against it." How much pleasanter our return to college was when we learned that Watty was still alive and kicking as usual, and that by constant use of Paine's Celery Compound he might be able to play on another champion base-ball team.

The dignity of a Senior is a peculiar garb, and the methods of assuming it are widely varying. To an Embury or a Folk it comes natural and fits like paper on the wall; to a Schultz or a Wilcox it is a mere matter of half-

SENIOR YEAR.

hose and shoulder pads; to a Siedler or an Oglesby it comes in cubic feet through a meter; to a Cadwalader or a Lane it is apportioned in quarts, gallons and half barrels; and to a Stuart, a Hipple or a Reed it is most becoming in the form of curls and kilts. At any rate, we all put it on in some shape or other, regardless of cut and fit.

Among the first to put his dignity to practical use was James B. Dickson. Jim started out one evening to canvass for Murray Hall. He raided the Freshmen on University Place and was exasperated by the way his victims eluded him. Finally, in one boarding-house he found a door half open and espied a Freshman in bed within. "Ha!" thought Jim, "I'll nail this one, any way." In he rushed, subscription-book in hand, but before he could state his mission a terrified soprano squeaked, "I'm a Lady!" This was somewhat disconcerting, and as he shied off, Jim politely responded, "Oh, are you?"

The foot-ball team started off brilliantly, with lots of good material, new and old, and Lafayette, Columbia, Annapolis, West Point and others succumbed in rapid succession, while the loss of the Cornell game, though not a pleasant surprise, was nevertheless a wholesome check to overconfidence.

Ralph Poole called out candidates for the Glee Club and placed Harry Lathrope in charge. Sam Scott tried for the position of brass band, but he was far too generous with his music to suit Ralph.

Strange to relate we did win a couple of games in the interclass base-ball series, defeating the Juniors, 16–5, and the Freshmen, 12–1. Neb Turnbull was in right field, and upon request, will explain those two victories and give a short sketch of his career on the diamond. The feature of the Sophomore-Freshman game was of course the Senior Parade, and Ike Brown and Babe Walsh sent to Trenton for their dear old suits in which they have so often "done

time." They certainly looked natural in them and the fit was perfect.

Senior elections were conducted by Pop and the three little ones, and at last Ike's long-cherished hopes were realized, and he took well-deserved command of our little army now breaking camp for the long march. By skillful manœuvring between the *Lit.* and *Princetonian* offices Holy Jones also pulled an appointment, and again the campus resounded with loud "r-r-ray, r-r-rays" and the inspiring anthem, "Holy, Pop and Harvey." Shortly after this there fell another shower of meteors and sleepy profanity.

The Carlisle Indians were defeated on Manhattan Field, on the 11th, and two weeks later two-thirds of the college roared and bellowed and sang in the enemy's country. Before the game began the crowd was entertained by Preston Witherspoon's cheer-leading exhibition. Withy had an excess of Princeton spirit and the intense excitement of the occasion caused a complete nervous collapse after the first few minutes of play. (Withy has been in college four years, and has attended four Yale foot-ball games and has not seen one yet.) The game was fast and furious, and to Arthur Poe we owe one of the happiest moments of our lives, when in that last desperate half minute he turned unmerited defeat into well earned victory.

Imagine the size of Arthur's mail for the three weeks following. He gave Lady Burr complete control of his correspondence and Carl was kept busy mailing photographs and composing replies, most of which began like this: "Mr. Poe directs me to thank you for the lock of hair. He prizes it very highly and regrets that another engagement will prevent his presence at Cadwalader Park, Friday evening."

But "Dirty face" was not the only one who was afflicted by this plague of letters, for George Lathrope had at last attained the height of his ambition, and shortly after the game his picture appeared in a Chicago paper, entitled:

"GEORGE H. LATHROPE,

"HANDSOMEST MAN ON THE GRIDIRON."

George was more discreet about his correspondence, however, for he is sensitive about such matters, and the only thing that gave him away was his semi-weekly trip to New York "to see Tommy," when everybody knew that Tommy was at his tailor's up in Boston.

The game was duly celebrated, and we faced the dull winter with a feeling of quiet satisfaction. Tiny Carroll had slipped away to Tarrytown, and "dear Harry's room" in Brooklyn was ready for his arrival.

Cinch Hill and Holy Jones now went up to Cambridge with our best wishes, but the Harvard team was merciless and won the debate.

On December 15th a Glee Club concert was given in Newark, and the next morning Div Reed struggled with the same old trinomial (a girl + a conscience + x) find x.

A few days later Mr. Charles F. Underhill gave a reading in Alexander Hall. Phil King, in the capacity of editor-in-chief and anti-hazing agitator, was in his accustomed seat. Mr. Underhill was in the midst of the most pathetic part of one of his selections when Phil arose and started off on a "locomotive" all by himself. The effect was complete. There was not a dry eye in the house, and at the close of the evening Mr. Smith had to share his applause with Phil.

At the St. Nicholas Skating Rink one night, just before Christmas vacation, Ferd Wilcox received a terrible blow to his faith in the fair sex. What a foolish remark for a pretty New Yorker to make, wasn't it, Ferd? Almost as bad as that little dinner-table observation of Hen Cochran's about the table-leg. It would hardly be kind to repeat those honeyed words which she murmured in your ear as

you stooped to pick her up, for you know you *did* pick her up, Ferd. Don't attempt to deny it.

The Glee Club trip was not omitted this year, however, and a week of violent fussing soon restored Cora's shattered ideals, as we shall see later on. As usual, Brad Heald was the social success of the tour, his perpetual blushes being irresistible. Why, in Buffalo, Brad assumed the social duties of the whole organization, and talked to forty girls for two hours straight, while Kid Stuart did society down on Ellicott street, where the swell set resides.

Arthur Poe was also traveling with the clubs, but for business reasons only. Manager Robinson paid him a dollar a day to stand outside the concert hall doors like a cigar-store Indian. Arthur enjoyed the prominence of the job, but he did not like having to shave and wash his face every day.

On the way back from Washington after the holidays, Norris Miller was sitting in the smoking-car polling jurisprudence, or rather criticising Prof. Wilson's lectures, when an innocent-looking hayseed sat down beside him. Norris sized him up for something pretty easy and started a discussion on the powers of Congress. The thick-headed stranger didn't have much to say on the subject, but that suited Norris all the better, and in a short time he was demolishing hats right and left with his excited gesticulations. He then proceeded to annihilate the ignorant old gentleman with a final thrust by observing, "Sir, you do not appear to be familiar with the workings of our legislative bodies." To which his opponent meekly replied, "Well, I have been a member of the United States Senate for three years now. How many terms have you served?" A transient brakeman gathered Norris up, wrung him out and slung him over the bell-rope to dry.

When a man begins to count the remaining days of his college life his former aversion to a prompt return to

academic duties loses its hold upon him, but for being back in Princeton on time Jack Bennett can't be beaten, for the simple reason that he has never yet acquired energy enough to go away for vacation. Bummy Booth's tardiness in returning to college after Easter was excusable, for his time was being well employed at the seat of war in Pittsburg.

But we must return to the February exams, or rather just before them, when Jim Moffat was making up the February *Lit.* Jim was hastily going over an ambitious Freshman's contribution, interpolating and striking and tearing it up pretty generally, and remarking to John Kelly as he threw it aside, "Well, if I couldn't write a better essay on Wordsworth than that I wouldn't try. Perfect rot, all of it." "Going to publish it?" asked John. "Sure," replied the editor, detaching a roll of bills from the manuscript. Of course Jim's estimation of the Freshman's attempt was all right, as it proved to be a word-for-word copy of Matthew Arnold's puerile composition on the same subject.

Jim had more hard luck, too, when Pres. Patton cut the exam in Theism and Sam Scott went over to Prospect and reminded him of it. Sam has been making trouble for Harry Zimmerman, also. Zimmy beat Sam out for a logic prize last year, and Sam has lately discovered that Zimmy cribbed his whole thesis from John Stuart Mill, so the brass band has now brought suit against him for $2.50, the amount of the prize.

There was the usual period of relaxation, mental, moral and physical, just after the exams and Johnny Bergland and Biff Lee took a drive in Central Park while Brad Heald made a desperate attempt to locate the Imperial Hotel among the private houses on Fifth Avenue.

Staid old Pop McKee also relaxed. He went out into Princeton society and was offered a bottle of beer at a little informal reception one day. "No, I thank you," said Pop,

"I never drink *beer*." Whereupon his host produced a good substitute, and Pop was happy. Think of it! A man of his age and reputation! He may well grow a beard to hide the tell-tale furrows on his face.

At the opening of the new term Charlie Patterson became a member of the class. Charlie hasn't been with us long enough to have become the central figure of any hair-raising adventures which might be described on this occasion, and there is really only one point upon which he can be called to account for his actions, and that is this: He has been pretty well acquainted with all the colleges in this country for a number of years, and the college of his choice was Princeton, and the class of his choice was 1900. Let him account for that. He has been here but a few short months, but his Princeton spirit dates back as far as ours and we are proud to own him.

But speaking of calling men to account, let us ask Kid Stuart what his uncle did to him the night of the New York concert. Kid was invited by a friend in the Junior Class, who I trust will hear this, to take dinner at his house before the concert. He told the Junior how delighted he would be to accept, but that his uncle was in town and was expecting him at the Murray Hill, and, judging from the Kid's condition and actions when he appeared at the concert, that uncle of his must have had an awful grudge against his nephew.

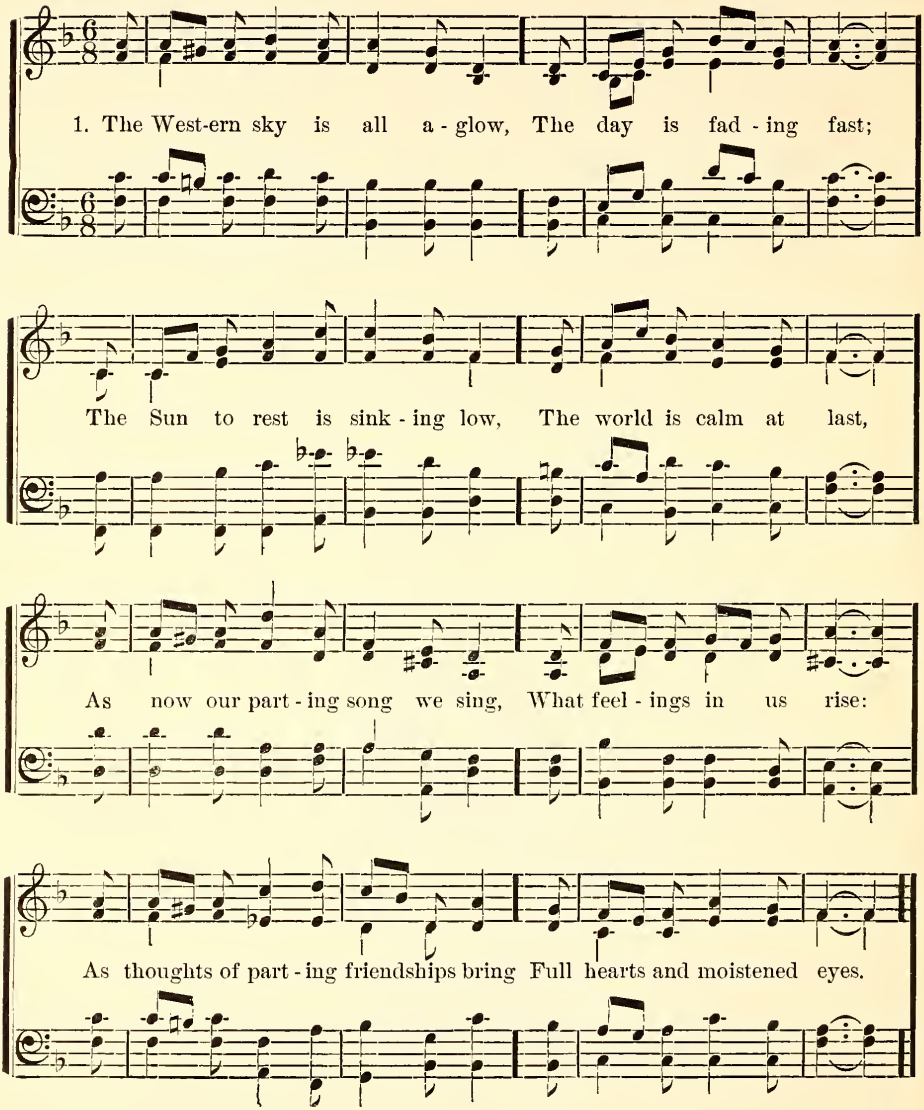
We might also ask Flipper Mountain how it feels to forget to take your arm from a pretty Texas girl's waist at the close of a dance.

Or we might remind Div Reed that it is not exactly good form to take a young married lady out for a drive at 1:30 A. M.

But we must hurry on to warmer days, and, making a brief record of the Siege of Kimberley, conducted by Ferd Wilcox, at Old Point Comfort, and jotting down the date of

the Jim Thorne's salubrious return from Paris, we pass to Gwynne Huntington's histrionic triumph in the Casino, and to the victory over Yale in debate, and here we pause and look back. We have no desire to speculate upon the future but to the past we turn with pride and pleasure. Not that we would force upon the attention of our friends the achievements, academic and athletic, which have been ours, but it is the spirit of unity, of comradeship and of loyalty of which we boast, and which throughout our lives will prompt us to say: "Princeton! May she ever be right. But right or wrong, Princeton!"

1900 CLASS ODE.

Words by B. GWYNNE HUNTINGTON. Music by ROLLAND T. HULL.

1. The West-ern sky is all a - glow, The day is fad - ing fast;
The Sun to rest is sink - ing low, The world is calm at last,
As now our part - ing song we sing, What feel - ings in us rise:
As thoughts of part - ing friendships bring Full hearts and moistened eyes.

1900 CLASS ODE.

WORDS BY B. GWYNNE HUNTINGTON.

I.

The Western sky is all aglow,
The day is fading fast,
The sun to rest is sinking low,
The world is calm at last.
As now our parting song we sing,
What feelings in us rise!
As thoughts of parting friendships bring
Full hearts and moistened eyes.

II.

Four years our lives have centered here
Around sweet friendship's fire;
And loves our hearts have entered here
That noble thoughts inspire.
So, e'er our song is silenced, we,
To our great God above,
Will pray that Nineteen Hundred be
Forever one in love.

III.

When us life's ocean wild may toss,
There awed with wondering fear,
The song of Nineteen Hundred 'cross
The roaring waves we'll hear.
There will for us in pain or strife
Be magic in that name;
For from it we will draw new life
For friendship's drooping flame.

IV.

Out to the world we'll singing go,
A song of victory;
That struggling men may learn to know
Love rules eternally.
So now, tho' we have blundered here,
Our voices we will raise
In song to Nineteen Hundred, clear,
Till skies resound the praise.

1900 CLASS NOTICES.

All those who have at any time been members of the Class of 1900, either for a part or the whole of the course, will greatly facilitate the compilation of the annual record by notifying the Secretary immediately in regard to any change of residence, in regard to occupation, engagement or marriage, &c., of any member of the class.

FREDERICK P. KING,
Secretary.

Irvington-on-the-Hudson, N. Y.

The Nineteen Hundred Decennial Memorial Fund.

Contributions to this fund should be sent to

W. C. McKEE,
Chairman.

Blairsville, Pa.

IN MEMORIAM.

Rowley Shepardson,

DIED MAY 9TH, 1897.

EX-MEMBERS OF THE CLASS OF 1900.

(*a*) Academic. (*b*) Scientific. (*s*) Special.

NAME.	PRESENT ADDRESS.	Entered 1900.	Left 1900.	OCCUPATION.
E. C. Andrews (*b*),	Chicago, Ill.,	'96	'97	Chicago University.
A. Crittendon Ayres (*b*),	New York City, 250 W. 88th st.,	'97	'99	Bricklayer.
Clayton F. Banks (*b*),	Philadelphia, Pa., 2043 Spruce st.,	'96	'98	Chemist.
Daniel Moreau Barringer (*b*),	Mamagordo, N. M.,	'96	'97	Live stock.
Edward W. Bedford (*b*),	New York City, 9 W. 107th st,	'96	'97	Bookkeeping.
R. S. Barr (*a*),	Roxwell, Washington,	'96	'99	Teaching.
J. P. Bickerton (*b*),	New York City, 318 W. 87th st.,	'96	'97	Pugilism.
A. H. Birks (*b*),	Peoria, Ill,	'96	'97	Mass. Institute of Technology.
James A. Bond (*b*),	Westminster, Md.,	'96	'97	South Africa correspondent.
Samuel W. Bowne (*a*),	New York City, Hotel Majestic,	'96	'97	Columbia University.
John C. Borden (*b*),	Manasquan, N. J.,	'96	'97	
Lewis G. Brearly (*a*),	Amherst, Mass.	'96	'97	Amherst College.
Spencer McD. Brown (*b*),	Prosperity, Mo.,	'96	'97	Lumber business.
Lee M. Byrnes (*b*),	St. Louis, Mo.,	'96	'98	
Alexander M. Brown (*a*),	Cincinnati, Ohio, The Auburndale,	'96	'97	
J. G. Briggs (*b*),	Oklahoma, O. T., care of The McCormick H. M. Co,	'96	'98	Business.
George S. Capelle (*b*),	Wilmington, Del.,	'96	'97	University of Pennsylvania.
Edward D. Carter (*b*),	Montclair, N. J,	'96	'98	Pratt Institute.
Frank Chew (*a*),	Xenia, Ohio,	'96	'97	
W. Irving Clark (*a*),	New York City, 127 E. 30th st.,	'96	'98	Columbia University.
J. Lloyd Coates (*a*),	Princeton, N. J.,	'96	'97	Princeton, 1901.

Rutherford H. Corbin (*a*),	Manila, P. I.,	'96	'98	Sec'y to U. S. Philippine Com.
W. J. Crookston (*b*),	Philadelphia, Pa.,	'96	'97	Univ. of Penna. Medical School.
Perry Craig (*b*),	Erie, Pa.,	'96	'97	
George P. Dillenbach (*a*),	New York City,	'96	'97	Columbia University.
Ralph B. Dalton (*b*),	Le Mars, Iowa,	'96	'98	Banking.
James H. Davidson (*b*),	W. Alleghany, Pa., 764 North ave.,	'96	'98	Banking.
J. H. Deane, Jr. (*b*),	New York City, 40 W. 59th st.,	'97	'99	
John L. De Witt (*b*),	Manila, P. I,	'96	'98	First Lieutenant 20th Infantry.
E. F. Randolph Erdman (*b*)	Derby, Conn, 47 Seymour ave.,	'96	'98	Business.
John O Ecker (*s*),	Washington, D. C., 1219 16th st., N. W.,	'96	'99	Banking.
John Ekings (*a*),	Paterson, N. J., 233 Hamilton ave,	'96	'97	Real estate.
John E. Evans (*a*),	Ebensburg, Pa,	'96	'97	Law student.
Samuel Evans (*a*),	Trenton, N. J.,	'96	'97	Paulist Fathers, Baltimore, Md.
Frank A. Ferris, Jr. (*b*),	South Norwalk, Conn,	'96	'97	
Stoughton A. Fletcher (*a*),	Indianapolis, Ind.,	'96	'98	Fletcher National Bank.
Pendleton R. Fuller (*a*),	New York City, 46 W. 9th st.,	'96	'98	Business, Vanderguft, Pa.
Robert S. Foster (*b*),	Indianapolis, Ind.,	'96	'97	
John A. Frazer (*b*),	Monterey, Mecvo Leon, Mexico,	'96	'99	Ore smelting business.
Leonard George (*b*),	Summit, N. J.,	'96	'98	Telephone business.
George Gray, Jr. (*b*),	St. Paul, Minn., 112 Western ave., N.,	'96	'97	Great Northern railroad.
William R. Glasgow (*b*),	St Louis, Mo, 2847 Washington ave.,	'96	'98	Washington University.
Henry N. Goldschmid (*b*),	Altoona, Pa.,	'96	'97	Business.
Louis S. Ganson (*a*),	Kansas City, Mo.,	'96	'98	Kansas University.
J. Chambers George (*b*),	Mont Alto, Pa.,	'96	'97	
John S. Hale (*a*),	Columbus, Miss.,	'96	'97	Bookkeeping.
Thomas G. Haight (*a*),	Red Bank, N. J.,	'96	'97	New York Law School.
J. S. Henninghausen (*b*),	Baltimore, Md., 215 St Paul st.,	'96	'98	Law student.
William M. Hitchman (*a*),	Mt. Pleasant, Pa.,	'96	'97	Citizens' National Bank.
Edgar G. Holt (*a*),	Lawrence, Mass,	'96	'98	Ice business.
Robert A. Hunter (*a*),	Princeton, N. J.,	'96	'97	Princeton University, 1901.
C. Allen Hayden (*a*),	New York City, 150 W. 59th st.,	'96	'98	Architect.
Arthur W. Harris (*b*),	Princeton, N. J.,	'96	'97	Princeton University, 1901.
Benjamin Hart (*b*),	Morristown, N. J.,	'96	'97	Business
John P. Jackson (*a*),	Annapolis, Md.,	'96	'97	Naval Academy.

EX-MEMBERS OF THE CLASS OF 1900—CONTINUED.

NAME.	PRESENT ADDRESS.	Entered 1900.	Left 1900.	OCCUPATION.
Richard M. Jesup (*a*),	New York City,	'96	'97	
James W. Knowlton (*b*),	Houghton, Mich.,	'96	'98	Houghton School of Mines.
Alfred H. Lewis (*a*),	Greenwich, Conn.,	'96	'97	Teaching.
Dwight W. Marvin (*a*),	Williamstown, Mass, Box 125,	'96	'97	Williams College.
William J. Metzgar (*b*),	New York City, 367 Manhattan ave.,	'96	'99	Columbia University.
Walter P. Maguire (*a*),	Huntingdon, Pa.,	'96	'97	Business.
Harry J. Matthews (*a*),	Princeton, N. J.,	'96	'97	Princeton University, 1901.
Walter I. Martin (*b*),	Boston, Mass.,	'96	'98	Mass. Institute of Technology.
John F. Neary (*b*),	Wilmington, Del., 830 Jefferson st.,	'96	'98	Univ. of Penna. Law School.
Newton S. Noble (*b*),	Butler, N. J.,	'96	'99	Butler Rubber Works.
George D. Oberteuffer (*b*),	Wynnewood, Pa.,	'96	'98	Art School.
Charles L. Olds, Jr. (*a*),	Ft. Wayne, Ind., 324 Washington boul.,	'96	'98	
William M. Powel (*b*),	Chester, Pa.,	'96	'97	Gentleman of leisure.
Robert Rand (*b*),	Pittsford, N. Y.,	'97	'98	Powder business.
John V. Redfield (*b*),	Pittsburgh, Pa., 6336 Marchand st.,	'96	'98	Business.
Lewis R. Reid (*b*),	Detroit, Mich., 1280 Woodward ave.,	'96	'98	Business.
F. M. Rhodes (*b*),	Philadelphia, Pa, 435 Chestnut st.,	'96	'97	Banking.
Harris Robinson (*a*),	Kansas City, Mo.,	'96	'98	Gentleman of leisure.
Van Dyck Rusling (*s*),	Paterson, N. J., 675 Broadway,	'96	'97	Business.
James B. Sanson (*a*),	Indiana, Pa.,	'96	'98	Editor *Indiana Democrat.*
Jerome A. Schultz (*b*),	Bay City, Mich.,	'96	'99	Lumber business.
Donald C. Scott (*a*),	Ann Arbor, Mich.,	'96	'98	University of Michigan.
Louis I Smith, Jr. (*a*),	Philadelphia, Pa., 3908 Chestnut st.,	'96	'99	Banking.
John S. Sharp (*b*),	Philadelphia, Pa., 4006 Pine st.,	'96	'98	Univ. of Penna. Law School.

James N. Steele, Jr. (*a*),	New York City, 15 W. 18th st.,	'96	'97	
E. C. Sargent (*b*),	Newark, N. J., 120 Orchard st.,	'96	'97	
John K. Sibbett (*b*),	———— ————,	'96	'97	
Rowley Shepardson,	Deceased,	'96	'97	
James W. Thorne (*s*),	Chicago, Ill., 90 E. 47th st.,	'99	1900	Business.
John G. Westcott (*b*),	Baltimore, Md., Daily Record Building,	'96	'98	Civil engineer.
Samuel S. White III. (*b*),	Cambridge, England,	'96	'98	Trinity Hall, Cambridge Univ.
B. Foster Wilkinson (*s*),	Newark, N. J., 162 Clinton ave.,	'96	'97	Business.
Webster Withers, Jr. (*b*),	Kansas City, Mo., 3105 Front ave.,	'96	'97	
Robert A. B. Walsh (*b*),	St. Louis, Mo., 3628 Delmar ave.,	'97	1900	Business.
Harold R. Woodruff (*b*),	New York City, 36 Broad st.,	'96	'97	Broker.
Julius F. Wolff (*a*),	Newark N. J., 100 Hamburg place,	'96	'99	Union Theological Seminary.
Frank D. Yuengling (*b*),	Pottsville, Pa.,	'96	'98	Brewer.

SUMMARY.

COURSE OF STUDY.

Academic,	145
Scientific,	44
Engineering,	14
Total,	203
Entered Class in 1896,	164
" " " 1897,	10
" " " 1898,	7
" " " 1899,	13
Whig,	97
Clio,	45
Neither,	58
Philadelphia Society,	116
St. Paul's Society,	51
Neither,	36
Born in 1869,	1
" " 1870,	3
" " 1871,	1
" " 1873,	4
" " 1874,	5
" " 1875,	3
" " 1876,	21
" " 1877,	38
" " 1878,	70
" " 1879,	38
" " 1880,	11
" " 1881,	2

Favorite Year, 1878.

Maximum Age at Graduation,	31 yrs. 4 mos. 29 days
Minimum " " "	19 yrs. 3 mos. 3 days
Average " " "	22 yrs. 5 mos. 26 days
Maximum Weight,	260 lbs.
Minimum "	123 lbs.
Average "	153 lbs.
Maximum Chest Measure,	46 ins.

Minimum Chest Measure,	28 ins.
Average " "	37.3 ins.
Maximum Height,	6 ft. 3 ins.
Minimum "	5 ft. 3 ins.
Average "	5 ft. 9½ ins.

INTENDED OCCUPATION.

Law,	52	Electrical Engineer,	1
Business,	38	Living easy,	1
Ministry,	18	Army,	1
Medicine,	12	Surveyor,	1
Teaching,	10	Insurance,	1
Civil Engineering,	6	Planter,	1
Chemistry,	5	Medical—Missionary	1
Merchant,	3	Salmon-packing,	1
Architect,	2	Literature,	1
Manufacturer,	2	Harpist	1
Building,	2	Social Reformer,	1
Banker,	2	Farmer,	1
Broker,	1	Librarian,	1
Architectural Engineer,	1	Machinist,	1
Iceman,	1	Grain Hustler,	1
Philosopher,	1	Mining,	1
Stock Broker,	1	Brakeman,	1

RELIGIOUS DENOMINATIONS.

Presbyterians,	111
Episcopalians,	36
Congregationalists,	8
Methodists,	7
Baptists,	6
Catholic,	4
Dutch Reformed,	3
United Presbyterians,	2
Lutheran,	2
Reformed,	2
Atheist,	1
Jew,	2
Schwenkfelder,	1
Unitarian,	1
German Reformed,	1
Mormon,	1
Carmelite,	1
Quaker,	1
Protestant,	1

POLITICS.

Republicans,	131
Democrats,	25
Sound Money,	11
Gold Democrats,	10
Mugwumps,	6
Independent,	5
Prohibitionists,	3
Gold Republican,	1
Socialist,	1
Free Silver,	1

FAVORITE SPORTS.

Foot-ball,	55	Running,	1
Base-ball,	37	Trotting,	1
Tennis,	19	Fencing,	1
Golf,	12	Athletics,	1
Riding,	12	Rolling the Hoop,	1
Hunting,	5	Going to Teas,	1
Wheeling,	4	Wrestling,	1
Track,	4	Polo,	1
Skating,	3	Steeple Chasing,	1
Canoeing,	3	Going to Dances,	1
Yachting,	3	Rubbering,	1
Swimming,	2	Shooting,	1
Rowing,	2	Vocal Exercise,	1
Cricket,	1	Horse,	1
Fishing,	1	Aquatic,	1
Boating,	1	Bluffing,	1
Study,	1	Deer Hunting,	1
Kiss Ring,	1		

FAVORITE AUTHOR.

Scott,	32	Emerson,	2
Kipling,	24	Hope,	2
Thackeray,	10	Crawford,	2
Dickens,	10	Cooper,	2
Stevenson,	9	Doyle,	2
Hugo,	7	Fiske,	2
Nick Carter,	7	Daudet,	2
Poe,	7	Elliot,	2
Dumas,	6	Mark Twain,	1
Page,	5	R. H. Davis,	1
Irving,	5	W. Mitchell,	1
Ford,	5	"Q.,"	1

Hawthorne,	4	Mulock,	1
Lowell,	4	Holmes,	1
Bulwer,	3	Sue,	1
Shakespeare,	3	Weyman,	1
Balzac,	2	Allen,	1
Carlyle,	2	Cervantes,	1
Tolstoi,	2	Stockton,	1
W. A. White,	1		

FAVORITE POET.

Tennyson,	33	Whittier,	2
Longfellow,	30	Scott,	2
Shakespeare,	11	Mrs. Browning,	2
Kipling,	10	A. Ross,	2
Riley,	9	Goldsmith,	1
Milton,	9	Markham,	1
Burns,	8	Morris,	1
Poe,	6	Bryant,	1
Field,	5	Wordsworth,	1
Browning,	5	Stevenson,	1
D. L. Chambers,	4	Gray,	1
Byron,	3	Virgil,	1
Goethe,	3		

FAVORITE STUDY.

History,	26	Mechanics,	2
English Literature,	15	Greek,	2
Literature,	14	Surveying	2
Anatomy,	11	Architecture,	1
Chemistry,	10	American History,	1
Law,	9	Electricity,	1
Mathematics,	9	Graphics,	1
Economics,	8	How to escape it,	1
Physics,	6	Neurology,	1
Art,	6	Physical Geography,	1
French,	6	Classics,	1
Philosophy,	5	Poetics,	1
Psychology,	5	Italian,	1
Human Nature,	5	American Constitutional Law,	1
Biology,	4	German,	1
Practical Astronomy,	4	Poker,	1
Astronomy,	3	Sport,	1
Roofs and Bridges,	3	Embryology,	1
Bible,	3	Beerology,	1
Latin,	3	Natural History,	1
Jurisprudence,	3	Life,	1
Roman Law,	2		

FAVORITE LANGUAGE.

English,	82	Chirook,	1
French,	32	Golf,	1
German,	25	Vernacular,	1
Greek,	10	Dead,	1
Latin,	6	Italian,	1
Spanish,	4	Old English,	1
Hebrew,	4	American,	1
Sanskrit,	3	Semitic,	1
Slang,	3	Profanity,	1
Evastan,	2	Good Language,	1
Irish,	1	Morse Code,	1
Persian,	1		

COLOR OF EYES.

Blue,	67	Azure,	1
Brown,	46	Pink,	1
Gray,	35	Greenish-grayish-blue,	1
Green,	10	Greenish-blue,	1
Hazel,	6	Cherry,	1
Black,	4	Cat-color,	1
Greenish-gray,	3	Steel-blue,	1
Pea-green,	2	Blue-green-gray,	1

COLOR OF HAIR.

Brown,	124	White,	1
Black,	20	Auburn,	1
Light,	9	Washed-out,	1
Mud-color,	4	Nondescript,	1
Sandy,	3	Chestnut,	1
Yellow,	3	Orange,	1
Red,	2	Dark-white,	1
Straw-color,	2	Potato-brown,	1
Pink,	2	Sky-blue,	1
Golden,	2	Black and white,	1
Fair,	1	Tow,	1
Tan,	1		

FAVORITE STYLE OF BEAUTY.

Brunette,	99	Gibson,	1
Blonde,	42	Curly,	1
Paroxide Blonde,	3	All Styles,	1
Blonde-Brunette,	2	Black,	1
Strawberry Blonde,	1	Pie-Face,	1
Petite Brunette,	1	Fighting Blonde,	1
Irish Brunette,	1	Classical Roman,	1
Zulu,	1	Red Hair and Dark Eyes,	1
Any Kind,	1	Circassian,	1
Feminine,	1		

AVERAGE EXPENDITURES.

Freshman year,	$662 43
Sophomore,	702 00
Junior,	731 52
Senior,	782 30

Tried for 'Varsity Organizations,	80
Entitled to Wear 'Varsity "P,"	16
Number of Pensums Received,	108
Total Number of Girl Correspondents,	450½
Average " " " "	2⅕
British Sympathizers in African War,	68
Boer " " " "	101
Favor Renewal of Athletic Relations with Penn,	67
Served in Spanish War,	10
Athletic Prizes Taken,	135
Literary Prizes Taken,	69

Wear Glasses,	63
With Mustache,	17
" Whiskers,	9
Now Engaged,	11
Have Been Engaged,	18
Rejected,	16
Play Cards,	60
Play Billiards,	61
Play Golf,	81
Chew,	32
Smoke,	139
Chew and Smoke,	36
Dance,	121
Support Themselves Wholly,	23
Support Themselves Partially,	30
Have Contributed to College Publications,	55
Were Hazed,	116
Hazed,	98

Sing—	
Bass,	31
Tenor,	15
Air,	6
Baritone,	11
Whiskey Tenor,	2
Vatican "	1
Piccolo "	1

Handsomest Man in the Class,	Frank Lloyd
Most Popular Man,	Arthur Poe
Best All-around Man,	Harry Lathrope
Best Foot-ball Player,	Doc Hillebrand
Handsomest Foot-ball Player,	George Lathrope
Best Base-ball Player,	Cap Kafer
Best Track Athlete,	Frank Jarvis
Best All-around Athlete,	Bert Wheeler
Brightest Man,	DealChambers
Best Dressed Man,	Tommy Schultz
Best Musician,	Bob Oglesby
Biggest "Bootlicker,"	Karl Burr
Biggest "Crabber,"	Bud Ross
Biggest Gossip,	Pop Jones
Funniest Man,	Bob Oglesby
Greatest Sport,	Cuff Brown
Greatest "Paper Sport,"	Chan Murphy
Biggest "Fusser,"	Karl Burr
Worst Sourball,	Chrissie Easton
Most Useless Man,	Kid Schmidt
Most Awkard Man,	Cecil Griffin
Laziest Man,	Pud Prentice
Worst Poller,	Deal Chambers
Favorite Professor,	Bliss Perry
Favorite Poet,	Tennyson
Favorite Preacher,	President Patton
Favorite Woman's Name,	Helen
Favorite Song,	"Old Nassau"
Favorite Hymn,	"Ein Feste Burg"
Favorite Newspaper,	N. Y. Sun
Favorite Actor,	Joe Jefferson
Favorite Actress,	Maude Adams
Favorite Brands of Beer,	Root and Wurzberger
Favorite Brand of Tobacco,	Bull Durham
Favorite Toilet Soap,	Pears
Favorite Woman's College,	Smith
Favorite Sport,	Foot-ball
Presidential Choice for 1900,	McKinley
Favorite Drink,	Water

Reasons Why 1900 is the Best Class Ever Graduated—

"She is first in sport and first in zeal,
And first in the hearts of her maidens, true;
She is last to lose and last to squeal,
And last in the Nineteenth Century, too."

MISCELLANEOUS STATISTICS.

OFFICERS OF 1900.

Freshman Year.

President—Herbert Wheeler.
Vice President—Arthur Poe.
Secretary and Treasurer—W. H. Edwards.

Sophomore Year.

President—H. R. Lathrope.
Vice President—W. C. Booth.
Secretary and Treasurer—A. R. T. Hillebrand.

Junior Year.

President—H. R Lathrope.
Vice President—F. W. Kafer.
Secretary and Treasurer—T. W. Cloney.

Senior Year.

President—Owsley Brown.
Vice President—Herbert Wheeler.
Secretary and Treasurer—F. P. King.
Historian—Charles Yeomans.

Junior Orator Appointments.

WHIG.	CLIO.
H. K. L. Dalzell.	D. L. Chambers.
J. H. Hill.	H. K. England.
J. H. F. Moffatt.	C. C. Miller.
C. K. Smith.	W. Van Buskirk.

Junior Orator Medals.

1st. C. K. Smith.
2d. Charles Miller.
3d. William Van Buskirk.
4th. H. K. England.

McLean Prize.

D. L. Chambers.

Washington's Birthday Debaters.

Freshman Year—J. A. Jones.
Sophomore Year—S. B. Scott.
Junior Year—J. H. Hill.
Senior Year—J. B. Kelly.

Washington's Birthday Orators.

Freshman Year—Charles Yeomans.
Sophomore Year—D. L. Chambers.
Junior Year—William Van Buskirk.
Senior Year—C. D. Cleghorn.

Lynde Debate Appointments.

WHIG.	CLIO.
J. B. Kelly.	J. A. Jones.
J. H. Hill.	Samuel McDowell.
S. B. Scott.	W. S. Elliott.

HALL PRIZE MEN FROM 1900.

WHIG HALL.

Freshman Year.

Class Debate—1st. S. B. Scott.
2d. Henry Hipple.
Speaking—1st. A. H. Lewis.
2d. Charles Yeomans.
Essay—1st. H. D. Austin.
2d. J. B. Kelly.
Second Hall Debate—1st. S. B. Scott.

Sophomore Year.

Class Debate—1st. J. B. Kelly.
2d. W. C. McKee.
Oratory—1st. J. H. F. Moffatt.
2d. S. B. Scott.
Essay—1st. Howard McBride.
2d. E. W. Burchfield.
Extempore Speaking—1st. S. B. Scott.
2d. J. B. Kelly.

Junior Year.

Class Debate—1st. J. H. Hill.
2d. C. F. Zimmerman.
Essay—1st. H. H. Moore.
2d. J. H. F. Moffatt.
First Hall Debate—2d. J. H. Hill.
Second Hall Debate—1st. G. L. Denny.
2d. A. T. Smith.

Senior Year.

French Medalist—J. H. Hill.
First Hall Debate—1st. J. B. Kelly.
2d. J. H. Hill.

CLIO HALL.

Freshman Year.

Class Debate—1st. J. A. Jones.
2d. T. J. Snyder.
Speaking—1st. D. L. Chambers.
2d. C. Miller.
Essay—1st. D. L. Chambers.
2d. W. Van Buskirk.
Sophomore-Freshman Speaking—1st. W. W. Davis.
I. Div. Special Debate—1st. J. A. Jones.

Sophomore Year.

Class Debate—1st. D. L. Chambers.
2d. C. Easton.
Oratory—1st. J. A. Jones.
2d. W. Van Buskirk.
Essay—1st. W. H. Davis.
2d. E. S. Gerhard.
Sophomore-Freshman Speaking—1st. R. W. Carter.
III. Div. Debate—1st. Charles Levy.
General Debate—1st. J. A. Jones.

Junior Year.

Class Debate—1st. H. K. England.
2d. B. K. Hunsberger.
Senior-Junior Essay—2d. R. W. Carter.
Senior-Junior Speaking—2d. B. K. Hunsberger.
General Debate—1st. H. K. England.
2d. B. K. Hunsberger.
III. Div. Special Debate—1st. C. L. Neibel.

Senior Year.

Oratory—1st. W. S. Elliott.
2d. Samuel McDowell.
Extempore Speaking—1st. H. K. England.
2d. Charles Levy.
II. Div. Special Prize Debate—1st. Samuel McDowell.

Spencer Trask Prize for Debating.

Junior Year—J. A. Jones.
Senior Year—J. H. Hill.

HARVARD DEBATERS.

J. A. Jones,. J. H. Hill.

YALE DEBATERS

J. A. Jones, J. H. Hill.

BAIRD PRIZE MEN.

Baird Prize—D. L. Chambers.
Prize in Oratory—C. C. Miller.
Prize in Delivery—H. K. England.
Prize in Disputation—1st. J. A. Jones.
2d. J. H. Hill.

SOPHOMORE SPECIAL HONORS.

Greek—High Honors, H. J. Cochran, J. F. Wolff. Honors, E. W. Burchfield, C. Easton, J. Fischel, J. Jones, C. Levy, I. Shupp, Jr., H. S. Zimmerman.

Latin—High Honors, R. W. Carter, D. L. Chambers, James Cromer, J. H. F. Moffatt. Honors, Howard McBride.

Mathematics—High Honors, H. J. Brandt, A. M. Hiltebeitel, J. H. F. Mofatt, T. J. Snyder, J. V. B. Wicoff. Honors, H. K. England, R. T. Hull, B. K. Hunsberger.

FIRST-HONOR SCHOLARS.

Freshman Year—D. L. Chambers.
Junior Year—D. L. Chambers.
J. H. F. Moffatt.

GENERAL HONORS.

FRESHMAN YEAR.

First Group.

H. D. Austin, D. L. Chambers,
B. K. Hunsberger.

Second Group.

A. H. Boyd,
H. J. Brandt,
R. P. Buell,
E. W. Burchfield,
R. W. Carter,
H. J. Cochran,
James Cromer,
Christopher Easton,
Jacob Fischel,
A. M. Hiltebeitel,
G. H. Lathrope,
Howard McBride,
C. E. Otis,
S. B. Scott,
A. T. Smith,
T. J. Snyder,
H. S. Zimmerman,
C. K. Smith.

School of Science—B. S. Course.

First Group.

T. W. Cloney, H. Z. Giffin.

Second Group.

E. C. Andrews, C. F. Edwards,
J. S. Willock.

C. E. Course.

First Group.

E. P. Hulbert.

Second Group.

Bradley Heald,
R. H. Poole,
C. B. McCulloh,
L. B. de Witt.

SOPHOMORE YEAR.

First Group.

H. D. Austin,
D. L. Chambers,
B. K. Hunsberger,
J. H. F. Moffatt.

Second Group.

A. H. Boyd,
E. W. Burchfield,
R. W. Carter,
James Cromer,
Christopher Easton,
H. K. England,
Jacob Fischel,
A. M. Hiltebeitel,
R. T. Hull,
E. L Katzenbach,
Charles Levy,
A. H. Lewis,
Howard McBride,
Charles Miller,
H. H. Moore,
S. B. Scott,
A. T. Smith,
C. K. Smith,
T. J. Snyder,
L. R. Urban,
J. V. B. Wicoff,
H. S. Zimmerman.

School of Science—B. S. Course.

First Group.

T. W. Cloney,
H. Z. Giffin.

Second Group.

J. L. De Witt,
L. A. Greenley,
C. D. Cleghorn,
C. F. Edwards,
J. S. Willock,
F. P. King.

C. E. Course

Second Group.

E. P. Hulbert,
C. B. McCulloh,
R. H. Poole,
S. F. Voorhees.

JUNIOR YEAR.

First Group.

H. D. Austin,
H. J. Brandt,
D. L. Chambers,
E. L. Katzenbach,
J. H. F. Moffat,
T. J. Snyder,
L R Urban.

Second Group.

A. H. Boyd, Jr.,
M. G. Buchanan,
E. W. Burchfield,
James Cromer,
H K. L. Dalzell,
Charles Levy,
Howard McBride,
E. B Meigs,
Charles Miller,
H. H. Moore,
Christopher Easton,
H. K. England,
Jacob Fischel,
A. M. Hiltebeitel,
F. F. Hopper,
R. T. Hull,
B. K. Hunsberger,
J. A. Jones,
J. B. Kelly,
W. V. Rosenkrans,
H P. Sanders,
S. B. Scott,
A. T. Smith,
C K. Smith,
J. V. B Wicoff,
R. C. Williams,
H. S. Zimmerman.

School of Science—B. S. Course.

Second Group.

T. W. Cloney, Jr., H. Z. Giffin,
C F. Edwards, F. P. King.

C E. Course.

First Group.

E. P. Hulbert.

Second Group.

R. H. Poole, C. B. McCulloh,
S. F. Voorhees, F. W. Kafer,
Bradley Heald.

MISCELLANEOUS PRIZE MEN.

Freshman First Honor Prize—D. L. Chambers.
Sophomore Mathematical Prize—T. J. Snyder.
Francis Biddle Essay Prize—D. L. Chambers.
Wanamaker English Prize—H. P. Sanders.
Dickinson Prize—H. S. Zimmerman.
Nassau Lit. Oratorical Prize—D. L. Chambers.
Class of '70 Sophomore English Prize—D. L. Chambers.
Class of '70 Junior English Prize—*Anglo-Saxon*, B. K. Hunsberger; *English Literature*, D. L. Chambers.

COMMENCEMENT APPOINTMENTS.

Valedictorian—J. H. F. Moffatt.
Latin Salutatory—D. L. Chambers.
Orators—C. K. Smith.
B. K. Hunsberger.
J. H. Hill.
Charles Miller.

Nassau Lit. Editors.

Charles Yeomans, Business Manager; James H. Moffatt, Managing Editor; John B. Kelly, D. L. Chambers, W. F. G. Thacher, H. H. Moore.

Princetonian Editors from 1900.

F. P. King, Editor-in-Chief; Philip Le Boutillier, Associate Editor; Charles E. Otis, Business Manager; H. K. L. Dalzell, E. E. Jones, A. N. Turnbull, H. J. Cochran.

Alumni Princetonian.

Editor—J. L. Davis.
Treasurer—J. E. J. Fanshawe.

Nassau Herald Editors.

E. D. De Witt, E. E. Jones, J. A. White, H. S. Zimmerman.

Bric-a-Brac Editors.

Charles Yeomans, Chairman; E. E. Jones, Business Manager; Owsley Brown, C. E. Burr, T. W. Cloney, H. J. Cochran, Thomas Cover, Jr., H. Imbrie, F. P. King, C. E. Otis, W. C. Booth.

Tiger Editors.

Harold Imbrie, D. B. S. Rathbun.

Tennis Association Officers from 1900.

Sophomore Year—J. P. Kellogg, Secretary.
Junior Year—H. J. Cochran, Treasurer.
Senior Year—H. J. Cochran, President.

Track Officers from 1900.

Junior Year—H. H. Langenberg, Assistant Manager.
Senior Year—H. H. Langenberg, Manager.

Base-Ball Association.

Sophomore Year—F. W. Kafer, Captain.
Junior Year—T. W. Cloney, Assistant Manager.
F. W. Kafer, Captain.
Senior Year—T. W. Cloney, Manager.
A. R. T. Hillebrand, Captain.

Foot-Ball Association.

Junior Year—W. M. Robinson, Assistant Manager.
A. R. T. Hillebrand, Captain.
Senior Year—W. M. Robinson, Manager.
W. H. Edwards, Captain.

CALEDONIAN GAMES.

WINNERS OF PRIZES FROM 1900.

April 28th, 1897.

100-yard Dash—Jarvis, first.
120-yard Hurdle—Wheeler, first.
¼-mile Bicycle—Haight, first.
440-yard Dash—Cloney, third.
1-mile Walk—Griffen, third.
1-mile Bicycle—Dean, first.
880-yard Run—Turnbull, third.
220-yard Hurdle—Wheeler, second.
220-yard Dash—Jarvis, first.
16-lb. Hammer-throw—Wheeler, second.
High Jump—Carroll, first.
Broad Jump—Cadwalader, third.

May 14th, 1898.

100-yard Dash—Jarvis, first.
120-Hurdle—Wheeler, first.
880-yard Run—Gaskill, third.
220-yard Hurdle—Wheeler, first.
440-yard Dash—Jarvis, first.
1-mile Walk—Reading, third.
High Jump—Carroll, first; Warren, third.
16-lb. Shot-put—Wheeler, third.
1-mile Bicycle—Dean, third.
16-lb. Hammer-throw—Wheeler, third.

May 10th, 1899.

100-yard Dash—Jarvis, first; Smith, third.
120-yard Hurdle—Wheeler, first.
880-yard Run—Gaskill, third.
440-yard Dash—Jarvis, first.
220-yard Dash—Jarvis, first; Smith, second.
220-yard Hurdle—Wheeler, first.
High Jump—Carroll, first.

May 16th, 1900.

100-yard Dash—H. W. Smith, first.
880-yard Run—D. L. Edwards, second.
440-yard Dash—F. W. Jarvis, first.
120-yard Hurdle—H. Wheeler, second.
220-yard Dash—H. W. Smith.
220-yard Hurdle—H. Wheeler, first.
Shot Put—H. Wheeler, second.
Hammer Throw—H. Wheeler, second.
High Jump—W. C. Carroll, second.

Members of Gym. Team from 1900.

Snyder, Laughlin, Feagles, Austin, Evans, White, Holt, Wheeler, Captain (Junior Year); Mountain, Captain (Senior Year); Mitchell, Manager.

Members of Mott Haven Team from 1900.

Carroll, Jarvis, Wheeler, Smith.

'Varsity Base-Ball Men from 1900.

Hillebrand, Kafer, Watkins, Burke.

1900 Freshman Base-Ball Team.

Watkins, 3b.; Hillebrand, p.; Knowlton, r. f.; Crookston, l. f; Ford, 1b.; Robinson, c. f.; Dohm, r. f. and p.; Angle, s. s. and p.; C. H. Jones, s. s.; Burke, 2b. and Capt.

1900 Freshman Foot-Ball Team.

H Lathrope, Jackson, Cadwalader, Oglesby, Noble,	Ends.
Dalton, Lloyd, Brown, Hillebrand,	Tackles.
Booth, Hayden, Jesup,	Guards.
Mitchell,	Center.
Watkins, Poe, Burke,	Quarters.
Sansom, G. Lathrope, Reid, Robinson, Sharpe,	Half-backs.
G. Lathrope, Wheeler,	Full-backs.

1900 Men on 'Varsity Foot-Ball Team.

Bannard, Booth, Burke, Edwards, Hillebrand, Holt, Kafer, G. Lathrope, H Lathrope, Lloyd, Poe, Wheeler.

Winners in Cane Spree from 1900.

Freshman Year —	Light-weight,	Hale.
	Middle-weight,	De Witt.
Sophomore Year—	Middle-weight,	De Witt.
	Heavy-weight,	Thompson.

Winners in Wrestling from 1900.

Freshman Year —	Heavy-weight,	Wheeler.
Sophomore Year—	Light-weight,	A. Poe.
	Middle-weight,	A. Poe.

1900 Men on University Glee Club.

H. Lathrope, Leader; Biddle, Cadwalader, Denny, Dohm, Giffin, Mountain, Neibel, Poole, D. C. Scott, Yeomans.

1900 Men on University Banjo Club.

L. B. de Witt, Leader; Curtis, C. F. Edwards, Heald, Hipple, Martin, McCulloh, Oglesby, Reed, C. Stuart, Thacher, Thomasson, Westcott, Wilcox.

1900 Men on University Mandolin Club.

Converse, Leader; Banks, L. B. de Witt, Fletcher, Gaskill, Hipple, Martin, Oglesby, Otis, Reed, C. Stuart, Thacher, Thomasson, Wilcox, Yeomans.

1900 Freshman Glee Club.

Donald C. Scott, ... Leader.
H. E. Waggaman, ... Business Manager.

FIRST TENORS.

H. Lathrope, Olds, C. K. Smith.

SECOND TENORS.

Lewis, Poole, Rathbun.

FIRST BASSOS.

Dickson, Giffin, Taylor.

SECOND BASSOS.

Getty, D. Scott,
Mountain, Yeomans,
Waage.

Freshman Banjo Club.

T. F. Wilcox, ... Leader.

BANJEAURINES.

Curtis, McCulloh,
Martin, Heald,
L. B. de Witt, Wilcox.

BANJO.

Crookston.

GUITARS.

Andrews, C. Stewart,
Laughlin, Thomasson.

PICCOLO-BANJO.

Westcott.

Freshman Mandolin Club.

S. B. Scott, ... Leader.

MANDOLINS.

Andrews,		Martin,
Goodenough,		Feagles,
Banks,		S. B. Scott,

S. S. White.

VIOLIN.	FLUTE.	CORNET.
Otis,	Fletcher,	Oglesby.

GUITARS.

Laughlin,		Westcott,
C. Stuart,		Wilcox,

Thomasson.

Members of Triangle Club from 1900.

B. G. Huntington, President; Burr, Manager; Clark, C. Stuart, Waggaman, Yeomans, Van Buskirk, Denny, Mountain.

Members of Chapel Choir from 1900.

Austin,	Griffin,	D. C. Scott,
Brown,	Hipple,	S. B. Scott,
Brundage,	Huntington,	Siedler,
Campbell,	H. Lathrope,	C. K. Smith,
Denny,	Lewis,	H W. Smith,
Dickson,	Mountain,	Taylor,
Elmore,	Neibel,	Thacher,
Erdman,	Olds,	Van Buskirk,
Evans,	Otis,	Waage,
Getty,	Poole,	Yeomans,
Giffin,	Rathbun,	C. F. Zimmerman,
	H. S. Zimmerman.	

LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE 1013.

La Valla, Deerin, Cooney Co.

(INCORPORATED),

MEN'S . . . . .
OUTFITTERS,

817–819 Broad Street, NEWARK, N. J.

DEPARTMENTS.

Men's and Youths' Ready-to-Wear Clothing.
Custom Department.
Hat Department.
Shoe Department.
Furnishing Department.
Also, Dress Suits to Hire.

A special feature in our business is catering to COLLEGE STUDENTS' wants in above lines.

All the newest and nobbiest in
Woolens, Furnishings, Shoes and Hats
will be found here.

Write or phone our mail order department for samples or anything in our lines.
Prompt attention given to all matters.

LA VALLA, DEERIN, COONEY CO.,
NEWARK, N. J.

ESTABLISHED 1856.

E. O. Thompson's Sons,

TAILORS, CLOTHIERS, IMPORTERS,

1338 CHESTNUT ST., PHILADELPHIA.

This house has always stood for quality and faithful service of customers. We are not high-priced clothiers. We believe in good, honest goods, well made; our prices cover this—but nothing more.

Overcoats and Suits, $7.50 up.

Our goods and methods all tend to one end—the satisfaction of the customer—that is the kernel, all else is shell.

E. O. THOMPSON'S SONS,
1338 Chestnut Street,
PHILADELPHIA.

It is doubtful if Sara Bernhardt will find at the Paris Exposition anything to change her expressed opinion:

"Nowhere have I tasted anything more delicious than Ackers' Exquisite Bon-Bons."

But we still charge only 39c. instead of 80c.

Mail orders filled.

121, 123, 125 N. Eighth
Market below Twelfth,
PHILADELPHIA.

ACKERS.

1847. A. V. MANNING'S SONS, 1900.

Makers of High-Class Furniture and Upholstery Work.

Artistic and High-grade Furniture, Brass and Enamel Beds, Floor Coverings of every description, &c.

All the newest novelties of the season—Linens, Shades, Mattings, Awnings, Beaded Curtains, Porch Shades, Rope Portieres and all kinds of Summer Draperies.

Send postal for pamphlet of new furniture most adaptable for student's room, including cut of our $6.25 Polished Oak Morris Chair, spring seat, upholstered in red, tan or green leatherette. Grass cloth 25 cents less.

We deliver all goods to Princeton free.

20 and 22 South Broad Street (next to Opera House), Trenton.

CLASS OF 1900 STATISTICS.

ABBREVIATIONS—

A .....*Academic.*
B. S.....*General Science,*
C. E.....*Civil Engineer,*
E. E.....*Electrical Engineer.*
Sp .....*Special Course.*
Bus.....*Business.*
Min.....*Ministry.*
Arch .. ..*Architect.*
Jour.....*Journalism.*
R. R.....*Railroading.*
M. E .....*Mechanical Engineer.*
Com. L.....*Commercial Life.*
Chem.....*Chemist.*
Eug ... .*Engineering.*
C. .....*Clio*
W ....*Whig.*
Unde.....*Undecided.*
I. Rep.....*Independent Republican.*
F. S. R .....*Free Silver Republican.*
N. Dem....*National Democrat.*
Mug .....*Mugwump.*
D. Ref.....*Dutch Reformed.*
F. Tkr.....*Free Thinker.*
A. Hed....*Altruistic Hedonist.*
St. D , N. Y..*Street Department, New York*
Philan .....*Philanthropist.*
H'l Life .....*Hotel Life.*
Bar K .....*Bar Keeper.*
M. My.....*Making Money.*
Tk. Ath.....*Track Athletics.*

NAME.	Course of Study.	RESIDENCE.	Room in College.	Birthday.	Chest Measure.	Weight.	Height.	Profession.	Denomination.	Politics.	Society.	Sport.	Author.	Study.	FAMILIARITIES.
Angle, William Bee.	B S	Shippensburg, Pa.	95 Blair	July 20, '78	40	146	5- 6½	Chem...	Pres.....	Rep.....	....	Base-ball.....	Kipling.....	Chemistry.....	Bee, Runt
Austin, Herbert D	A	324 W. 4th st., Erie, Pa	37 N. Ed.	July 24, '76	36	145	5- 7	Teach ..	Pres	Rep	W	Skating	Kipling.....	Psychology...	Piker, Stein.
Baker, Theodore	A	Belle Vernon, Pa.	9 N. M. R....	Mar 31, '79	36	150	5- 8	Med.....	Pres.....	Rep.....	W	Running	Riley.....	Anatomy	Bill, Wolly.
Bamford, William Brokaw	C E		10 N. W.....	Aug. 22, '78	.....	140	5- 5½	A. Eng.	Epis.....	.....	C	Foot-ball.....	Scott.	Architecture	Gomez.
Bannard, Horace Brown, Jr	A	Asbury Park, N. J.	3 E M. W...	Aug. 9, '78	44	192	5-11	I. Mau.	Pres.....	Rep.....	.....	Riding	Nick Carter..	Art	Billy, Tod.
Barr, Hugh Cassel	A	330 Brady st., Davenport, Ia.	4 W. W.....	May 17, '79	34	145	5- 6½	.....	Epis.....	Rep.....	W	Foot-ball.....	Kipling	Chemistry....	
Belknap, Nathaniel Deyo	A	268 Liberty st., Newburgh, N.Y..	8 E. B.....	June 9, '78	36	155	5- 9	Law	Pres.....	Rep.....	W	Trotting.....	Mark Twain.	Am. History.	Bell, Bellie, Dago.
Bell, Guy Ringelmann	B S	West Orange, N. J	25 M. D	Aug. 24, '80	34	135	5- 9	E. E....	Epis	Rep.....	W	Foot ball	Kipling.... ..	Electricity....	Mattie.
Bennett, John Mirza, Jr.	B S	San Antonio, Tex.	81 Blair	Jan. 10, '78	37	140	5- 8½	Bus.....	Pres.....	Dem.....	W	Foot-ball	Kipling..	Chemis.ry	
Bergland, John McFarland	B S	1116 N. Charles st., Baltimore, Md.	42 Blair.....	Mar. 5, '79	37	168	5-11½	L E.....	Pres.....	Rep	.....	Base-ball.....	Nick Carter..	Graphics.....	
Biddle, Livingston Ludlow..	A	S. E. Cor. 18th and Locust st., Philadelphia, Pa.	19 M. D	Sept. 1, '78	42	190	5-11	....	Ep's	Rep.....	.....	Foot ball.....	Poe	Prac. Astron'my.	Liv.
Booth, Walter Cowles	A	Danbury, Conn.	13 N. M. R....	Dec. 7, '74	40	210	6-1⅛	Law	. ....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	Bum.
Boyd, Andrew Culver	A	Lansdowne, Delaware Co., Pa...	4 S. W.....	Mar. 23, '79	36	148	5-10	Law	Pres.....	Rep.....	C	Base-ball.....	Scott	Law..	Irish.
Boyd, Andrew Hunter, Jr.	A	Cumberland, Md	8 S. R.....	May 16, '78	36	163	5-10¾	Law	Pres.....	Dem.....	W	Golf.....	Scott	History	Bus.
Brandt, Harry John	A	3809 Flod av., St. Louis, Mo..	10 S. R.....	Nov. 22, '78	34	148	5-10½	Chem...	.....	G. Dem.	W	Foot-ball.....	Scott	Chemistry....	
Breinig, Paul Erdman	B S	1103 Walnut st., Allentown, Pa	5 S. D.....	June 2, '78	.....	145	5-10	Chem...	Cong.....	Mug.....	W	Sailing.....	Hugo.....	Chemistry.....	Pebby, Nap, Luah.
Brewer, John R.	A	Chambersburg, Pa	7 E. B.....	Sept 26, '78	36	151	5- 8¼	Army ..	Pres. ...	Rep.....	.....	Base-ball.. ...	Kipling...	Psychology...	Babe, Mus, Bruce Rummy.
Brooks, Wilbur Hart	B S	178 Bolton av., Cleveland, O.....	98 Blair.....	May, —, '78	38	142	5- 7	Ins	Pres	Rep.....	.....	Foot-ball	Poe	History...	Cupid.
Brown, Cuthbert Barnwell	B S	1710 Pennsylvania av., Washington, D. C.	7 E. M. W...	Apr. 2, '78	38	160	5- 9	.....	Epis.....	Dem.....	.....	Foot-ball.....	N. Carter.....	Anatomy.....	Cuth, Cuff.
Brown, James Bedford	A	Hastings, Neb.	28 S. Ed.....	Mar. 27, '76	36	145	5- 6½	Min.....	Pres.....	Rep	W	Tennis.	Hugo...	Psychology...	
Brown, Owsley	A	1119 S 4th st, Springfield, Ill....	15 N. D	May 28, '77	39	185	6- 3	Bus.....	Pres.....	G. Dem.	.....	.....	Thackeray ...	Eng. Lit.....	Ike.
Brown, Samuel Robert..	A	Waltersburg, Pa	8 S. Ed.....	Dec. 6, '76	.....	145	5- 6	Min.....	Pres	Rep.....	.....	Foot-ball	....	.....	

Brundage, Philip Edwin	A	Stroudsburg, Pa	10 Nassau H.	Feb. 12, '77	34	146	5- 8	Med	Meth	Rep.	W	Foot-ball	Dickens	Biology	Flip, Baldie.
Buchanan, Malcom Griswald	A	Trenton, N. J.	8 N. M. R.	Mar. 10, '81	36	145	6-5/8	Law	Bapt.	Rep.	C	Fencing	Kipling	Chemistry	Buck, Kid, Trenton
Buell, Ralph Polk	A	2108 R st., Washington, D. C.	95 Blair	Dec. 21, '78	.....	150	5- 7½	Planter	Cath.	Rep.	.....	Base-ball	Shakespeare	Chemistry	
Burchfield, Edgar Washington	A	Mifflintown, Pa	9 W. M. W.	Oct. 20, '76	.....	180	5-11¾	Teach	Pres	Dem.	W	Tennis	Tennyson	Mankind	Babe.
Burke, Edmund Stevenson, Jr	A	New York City	16 M. D.	Feb. 1, '79	38	155	5- 8	Law	Meth	Rep.	.....	Sailing	Ford	Jurisprud'ce.	Eddie.
Burr, Karl Edward	A	60 Jefferson av., Columbus O	16 M. D.	Mar. 6, '77	36	150	5-11	Barr.	Epis.	Rep.	W	Canoeing	Kipling	Art	Lady, Bird, Cholly.
Cadwalader, Richard McCall, Jr.	A	1614 Locust st., Philadelphia, Pa.	19 M. D.	—— — '78	37	138	5- 8	Barr.	Epis.	Rep.	...	Hunting	Kipling	Physics	Dick, Rat, Pink, Cad.
Campbell, James Robinson	A	Glen Riddle, Pa	17 S. M. R.	Dec. 8, '73	36	145	5-11	Bus	Pres.	Rep.	C	.....	Stevenson	.....	Robin.
Carroll, Walter Cockrill	B S	"Evergreen" Hampden, Baltimore, Md	82 Blair	June 24, '76	38	168	6- 2	Mfg	Meth	Rep	W	Athletics	Scott	French	Tiny.
Carrott, Matthew Finlay	A	Quincy, Ill	5 E. B.	Dec. 22, '77	28	160	6	Law	Meth	Rep.	W	Hoop-rolling	Hawthorne	Roman Law.	Flo.
Carter, Robert Williams	A	18 Bradford pl., Montclair, N. J.	C. E. B.	July 15, '78	35	145	5- 9½	M. M.	Pres.	Rep.	C	Wheeling	Scott	History	Bob.
Chambers, David Laurence	A	1441 Q st., Washington, D. C.	5 W. B	Jan. 12, '79	.....	140	5-11	L. or L.	Bapt.	Rep.	C	Tennis	Stevenson	Literature	Deal.
Cleghorn, Charles Dalton	B S	Manchester, Vt	53 Blair	June 24, '78	36	145	5- 9	Med	Epis.	Rep.	.....	Golf	Balzac	Anatomy	Cleg.
Cloney, Thomas Warren	B S	Princeton, N. J.	3 S. R.	Sept. 12, '76	36	129	5- 5	Bus	Epis.	Rep.	W	Base-ball	Carlyle	Philosophy	Cow-puncher, Little dog, Tight-wad.
Cochran, Henry Jessup	A	550 Park av., New York City	7 S. R.	Apr. 8, '79	32.1	152	6- 1	.....	Pres.	Rep.	C	Tennis	Dickens	History	Hen, Spike, Long John, Spider.
Converse, John Williams	A	1610 Locust st., Philadelphia, Pa.	23 M. D	Mar. 30, '79	38	147	5- 9 15/16	Bus	Pres.	Rep.	W	Going to Teas	Kipling	English	
Cover, Thomas, Jr.	B S	Winchester, Va	7 E. M. W.	Sept. 24, '77	.....	.....	.....	Bus	Athe.	Dem.	.....	Riding	Nick Carter	Anatomy	Prack.
Cromer, James	A	2025 N. Alabama st., Indianapolis, Ind	9 W. M. W.	June 5, '79	.....	165	5- 8	Bus	Pres.	Rep.	W	Foot-ball	Tennyson	Eng. Lit.	Jim, Janey, Mud.
Crow, Ralph Langstaff	B S	Rye, N. Y.	4 E. M. W.	July 22, '78	35	155	5- 8½	Bldg.	Pres.	Rep.	.....	Yachting	Ford	Phys. Geog.	Phl
Curtis, Elroy	B S	1801 Connecticut av., Washington, D. C.	66 Nassau	June 2, '79	35	138	5- 8	Harp.	Pres.	Pro.	.....	Riding	Dickens	Physics	
Dalzell, Henry Kilbourne List	A	Wheeling, W. Va	5 E. W.	Aug. 28, '78	.....	142	5- 6	Bus	Pres.	Rep.	W	Tennis	Scott	History	Dal, Dazzle, Dazzler.
Davis, John Lionberger	A	Vandeventer pl., St. Louis, Mo.	7 L. P.	Oct. 2, '78	36	130	5- 9	L. & L.	Pres.	.....	W	Riding	Tolstoi	English	Wee.
Davis, William Harper	A	2118 Park av., Philadelphia, Pa.	17 S. Ed.	Dec. 10, '77	36	150	.....	Teach	Pres.	Rep.	C	Walking	Emerson	Philosophy	Philosophe, Philosopher, Dave.
Dean, Nathaniel Wheaton	A	Rutherford, N. J	10 U. P	Feb. 13, '79	38	195	6- 2	Bus.	Pres	Rep.	.....	Base-ball	Cooper	History	
Denny, George Littrell	A	1321 North Penn st., Indianapolis, Ind	35 U. P	July 7, '78	37	140	5- 7½	Law	Pres.	Rep.	W	Foot-ball	Thackeray	Eng. Lit.	Dennis.
De Witt, Edwin Doddridge	A	Deckertown, N. J	1 N. D.	Jan. 8, '74	38	175	5-10	Law	On the Fence.		C	Wrestling	Crawford	Pol. Econ	Tuck, Eddie
de Witt, Louis Bevier	C E	Oneida, N. Y	5 M. D.	July 29, '77	34	150	6- 3	C. E.	Bapt.	.....	.....	Base-ball	A. Hope	Surveying	Hank.
Dickson, James Reid	A	616 Quincy av., Scranton, Pa.	3 M. D.	Aug. 13, '77	35	147	5- 9	C. E.	Pres.	Dem.	W	Foot-ball	Scott	Math	Jimmy, Balls
Dohm, Augustus	B S	Princeton, N. J.	.....	Aug. 19, '74	34	150	5-10	Und	Epis.	Rep.	.....	Base-ball	Bul.-Lytton	French	Gus.
Douglas, Frederick Heath	A	1019 Broad st., Newark, N. J.	11 W. B.	Mar. 12, '79	.....	143	5- 7½	Bus.	D. Ref.	Rep.	.....	Sailing	Scott	Latin	Fritz, Satchel, Freddie.
Easton, Christopher	A	36 Southard st., Trenton, N. J.	12 N. Ed.	July 13, '78	.....	134	5-10½	S. R.	Und.	Soc.	C	Bicycling	Emerson	Philosophy	Socs, Socrates.
Edgar, John Boggs	B S	Chambersburg, Pa	10 N. D.	Sept. 29, '78	34	134	5- 8½	Farm	Pres.	Rep.	W	Base-ball	Poe	History	Bogs, Bags, Bogsy.
Edwards, Carl Francis	B S	Santa Barbara, Cal	4 S. M. R.	Dec. 24, '79	39	145	5-11¾	Und.	Cong.	Rep.	W	Polo	R. H. Davis	French	Carl, Lengthy.
Edwards, Duncan Lewis	B S	New York City	3 W. B.	Oct. 29, '79	35	140	5- 9½	Bus.	Epis.	Rep.	.....	Base-ball	Nick Carter	Philosophy	Kid, Babe, Cora, Sibbetts.
Edwards, William Hanford	B S	Lisle, N. Y.	15 N. D.	Feb. 23, '76	.....	225	6-	Law	Cong	Rep	W	Foot-ball	Kipling	Hum. Nature	Bill.
Elliott, William Sanders	A	1101 W. State st., Jacksonville, Ill	6 E. W.	Feb. 20, '80	35	150	6- 1¾	Law	Pres.	Rep.	C	Tennis	Scott	Pol. Econ	Bill.
Elmore, Carl Hopkins	A	Knoxville, Tenn	10 N. M. R.	May 13, '78	38	175	5- 7	Med	Pres.	Rep.	W	Foot-ball	Page	Neurology	Chubby.
Embury, Aymar, Jr.	C E	140 W. 72 st., New York City	53 Blair.	June 15, '80	37	147	5-11½	Arch.	Epis.	Mug.	W	Golf	Stevenson	H.-to-esc'e-it.	Dutch, Imer.
England, Herbert Kingsbury	A	Washington, N. J.	41 N. Ed.	—— — '78	.....	132	5-10	Min	Pres.	Rep.	C	Tennis	Tennyson	Poetry	Irish.
Fanshawe, John Edmund Jones	B S	5150 Wayne av., Germantown, Pa.	7 L. P.	July 8, '78	37½	165	6-	.....	Pres	Rep.	W	Hunting	Tolstoi	Eng. Lit.	Fanny.
Farwell, Earle Washington	A	Clark, O.	17 M. D.	Sept. 16, '77	40	180	6- 2	Law	.....	Rep.	C	Riding	Thackeray	Roman Law.	Far, Indian.

CLASS OF 1900 STATISTICS—CONTINUED.

NAME.	Course of Study.	RESIDENCE.	Room in College.	Birthday.	Chest Measure.	Weight.	Height.	Profession.	Denomination.	Politics.	Society.	Sport.	Author.	Study.	FAMILIARITIES.
Feagles, Samuel Smallwood	A	St. Louis, Mo	8 E B	Dec. 29, —	39	173	5- 9	Mining	Pres	Rep	C	Steeple-Ch'sg	Stevenson	Hum.Nature	Sammy.
Finley, Charles Beatty, Jr	A	Elkton, Md	3 E M. W	July 29, '80	38	175	5- 8½		Pres	Rep	W	Sailing	Bulwer	Math	Goat.
Fischel, Jacob	A	129 Littleton av., Newark, N. J	F. W. B	Sept. 15, '77	38		5- 7¼	Law	Jew	G.Dem.	C	Swimming	Hugo	Law	Jake.
Fish, Leon Barnesconia	A	Hancock, N. Y	1 S. R	May 9, '74	38	165	5- 9½	Teach				Base-ball	Byron	Latin	Hettie Green.
Folk, William Humphrey	B S	Franklin, O	11 N. M. R	May 21, '76	34	138	5- 3	Law	Pres	Rep	W	Foot-ball	Scott	Law	Tubby.
Ford, Frederick Ward	A	Morristown, N. J	3 W. M. W	Mar. 8, '78	38	160	5- 9	Bus	Epis	Dem		Base-ball	Kipling	Mechanics	Vadum, Freddie, 3.
Fowler, William Slocum Groesbeck	A	29 W. 9th st., New York City	33 U. P	Sept. 1, '77	39½	167	6- 1⅘	Mer	Epis	Dem		Yachting	Balzac		Sport, Babe, Captain.
Gardiner, John Crane	A	44 Kouwenhoven pl., Brooklyn, N. Y	1 S. R	May 17, '77	40	165	5-10	Und	D. Ref	Rep	C	Tennis	Dickens	French	Fat.
Gaskill, Harry Irving	A	Woonsocket, R. I	9 Blair	Mar. 20, '77	38	155	5-10	Min(?)	Epis	Rep		Riding	Nick Carter	Prac. Astron.	Meney.
Gerhard, Elmer Schultz	A	Palm, Pa	40 S. Ed	Jan. 21, '71	36	153	5-10	Teach	S. F	Rep	C	Tennis	Lowell	Eng. Lit.	Doc. Poler.
Getty, William John Tolan	A	220 W. 58th st., New York City	8 E. B	Jan. 21, '78	34	145	5- 9	Builder	Pres	Rep	C	Base-ball	W. Mitchell	Economics	Spa, Gene.
Giffin, Herbert Zeigler	B S	Atlantic City, N. J	5 N. D	Oct. 25, '78	36½	140	5- 8½	Und	Pres	Rep	W	Tennis	Scott	Anatomy	Giff. Who's That.
Goodenough, Ralph Adelbert	A	Windsor, N. Y	10 E. B	Sept. 19, '75	36	155	5- 6	Bus	Epis	Rep	C	Hunting	Thackeray	Classics	Not Quite, Good.
Greenley, Louis Alfred	B S	Perth Amboy, N. J	3 E. B	Mar. 17, '78	42	167	5-11½	Chem	Epis	Rep		Foot-ball	Bulwer	Chemistry	Bug, Bull.
Griffin, Cecil	B S	41 W. 58th st, New York City	13 M. D	May 11, '80	37	194	6- 1	Bus	Cong	Dem		Rowing	Crawford	French	Bull, Griff, Griffo.
Hague, Vernon Lester	A	Libertyville, Ia	5 S. Ed	Feb. 23, '77	38	185	6- 2½	Bus	Pres	Rep	W	Golf	Kipling	History	
Hammond, William Samuel, Jr.	A	2523 Broad st., Altoona, Pa	2 W. B	Sept. 8, '76	36	155	5- 9½	Bus	Pres	Rep	W	Foot-ball	Irving	Art	Ham.
Hanna, Charles Rankin	A	Tarkio, Mo	34 Van D	May 13, '77	36	130	5-10¾		U. Pres	Pro		Riding	Lowell	Poetics	
Hanna, John Winfield	A	Tarkio, Mo	34 Van D	Feb. 8, '79	35	126	5- 7	Bank	U. Pres	Pro		Cycling	Page	Literature	
Hastings, Clarence Augustus	A	153 W. 84th st., New York City	7 S. R	July 10, '77	33	126	5- 8	Bus	Pres	Rep	C	Base-ball		Italian	Clara, Sleep, Slat, Ikey.
Heald, Bradley	C E	1720 N st., Washington, D. C	66 Nassau	— — '79	44	200	6- 1	Sur	Unit	F. S		Dancing		R'fs & Bdgs	Brad.
Heffelfinger, Louis	B S	Hampton, Va	5 M. D	May 26, '78	31	123	5- 9		Epis	Rep	W	Foot-ball	Kipling	History	Beef.
Hendrickson, George Davis	A	Mount Holly, N. J	9 S. R	June 25, '78	38	180	5- 9	Law	Meth	Dem	C	Foot-ball	Nick Carter	Law	Toot, Baron.
Hill, Joseph Hall	B S	Edgewood Park, Pa	7 S. W	Apr. 26, '80	35	135	5- 7½	Law	Epis	Rep	W	Tennis	Dumas	Law	Cinch.
Hillebrand, Arthur Ralph Thos.	A	Le Mars, Ia	6 S. R	Mar. 9, '77	40	195	6-	Bus		Rep		Golf	Dumas	Art	Doc.
Hiltebeltel, Adam Miller	A	Green Lane, Pa	30 Mercer	Jan. 15, '69	36	150	5- 7	Teach	G. Ref	Dem	C	Foot-ball	Shakespeare	Math	Bryan, Hearst, Callias, Pop, Colonel, General.
Hipple, Henry	A	Lock Haven, Pa	10 N. D	Apr. 5, '79	34	120	5- 7	Law	Pres	G.Dem.	W	Base-ball	Kipling	Am. Cn. Law	Hen, Hip, Cocky.
Hopper, Franklin Ferguson	A	Eatontown, N. J	61 Blair	Sept. 17, '78	33½	122	5- 6½	Libra	Pres	Rep	C	Base-ball	Stevenson	History	Ferg, Hop, Little Mucker.
Hughes, Frederick Eugene	A	254 South st., Wilkesbarre, Pa	1 N. W	— — '76	33	128	5- 6½	Law		Rep	W		Dickens	History	Sourball.
Hulbert, Edward Phinney	C E	608 Jefferson av., Scranton, Pa	10 N. W	July 29, '78	36	140	5-11		Pres	Rep	W	Skating	Dickens	German	Skinny, Poler, Eddy.

Hull, Rolland Thompson	A	Newton, N. J	47 U. Pl	Nov. 16, '78	35	148	5- 8½	Mer	Pres	Rep	C	Tennis	Irving	Astronomy	Rolis, Beekstein.
Hunsberger, Byron Keyser	A	870 Queen st., Pottstown, Pa	40 S. Ed	Nov. 26, '73		140	5-10½	Min	Pres	Ind	C	Base-ball	Muiock	Hlstory	
Huntington, Baldwin Gwynne	A	141 E. Broad st., Columbus, O	5 S. W	Jan. 13, '79	36	135	5-11	Bus	Pres	Rep	W	Rubbering	Shakespeare	Literature	Dearest.
Imbrie, Harold	A	127 W. 88th st., New York City	3 E. W	Jan. 15, '80	39½	172	5-11¾	Bus	Pres	Rep	W	Swimming	Shakespeare	Anatomy	Kid.
Jarvis, Frank Washington	B S	827 Euclid av., Pittsburg, Pa	26 M. D	Aug. 31, '78	44	140	5- 9	Law	Morm			Track		Poker	Speedy.
Jones, Charles Hodge	A	632 Sassafras st., Erie, Pa	6 S. W	Aug. 24, '78	35	145	5- 7¼	Teach	Pres	Rep	C	Base-ball	Thackeray	Greek	Porker, Pork.
Jones, Evan Edmund	A	Wilkesbarre, Pa	5 S. W	Sept. 12, '70	40	180	5- 7½	Law	Pres	Rep	W	Foot-ball		Law	{Pop, Baldy, Moon face, Roundy, Twinkie, Rake, Lawyer.
Jones, Harvey Llewellyn	A	{1121 Highland av., Baltimore, Md	16 Alex	Nov. 27, '77	36	123	5- 5	Law	Pres	Dem	C	Shooting	Doyle	History	Runt, Colonel.
Jones, Joseph Addison	A	Passaic, N. J	32 S. Ed	June 1, '73				Min	Pres	Rep	C	Vocal Ex'cse	Thackeray	Literature	Holy, Dominie.
Kafer, Frederick Wilson	C E	Lawrenceville, N. J	3 S. R	Nov. 15, '76	40		5- 9	Mach	Pres		W				Cap.
Katzenbach, Edward Lawrence	A	138 N. Clinton av., Trenton, N.J	5 W. B	Oct. 21, '78	38	175	5- 8¼	Min. (?)	Pres	G.Dem	C	Rowing	Fiske	History	Ed, Eddie, Teddy.
Kellogg, John Prentice	A	11 E. 82d st., New York City	8 L. P	Jan. 29, '78	48	164	5-11	Arch	Pres	Mug	W	Golf	Holmes	Art	Kelly.
Kelly, John Bailey	A	{1367 Kenesaw st., Washington, D. C	4 N. R	June 11, '77	34	150	5-11½	Min	Pres	Rep	W	Base-ball		Math	
King, Frederick Paul	B S	Irvington-on-the-Hudson, N. Y	24 M. D	Jan. 28, '79	36	130	5- 8½	Law	Epis	Rep	W	Foot-ball	Thackeray	History	Phil, Muck, Mucker.
Kleinhans, Lewis Charles	C E	206 Clifton av., Newark, N. J	6 E. M. W	Dec. 28, '77	34	158	6		Luth	Rep		Foot-ball	Dumas	Math	Click.
Knight, Norvell Brightwell	A	Shelbyville, Ky	6 E. B	Nov. 6, '77	36⅝	162	5- 9¾		Bapt	G.Dem	W	Foot-ball		Bible	Colonel, Skin, Possum.
Knox, Roger	A	Connellsville, Pa	66 Nassau	July 22, '77	34¾	150	5- 7⅜	Law		Rep	W	Base-ball	Carlyle		
Lane, John McGill	A	{150 Prospect st., Hagerstown, Md	7 Blair	Oct. 29, '80	36	142	5- 7		Pres	Dem	W	Riding	Scott	History	Smoker.
Langenberg, Harry Hill	A	{5240 Washington av., St. Louis, Mo	1 W. M. W	— — '79	37	150	5- 8¾	{Grain Hustler}	Pres		W	Track	Scott	All-of-'em	Dutch.
Langenberg, Roy Ten Brock	A	{4347 Delmare av., St. Louis, Mo	11 S. E. B	July 5, '79	37	160	6		Bus	Pres	Rep		Walking	Stevenson	History.
Larwell, Paul Herbert	A	Tarrytown, N. Y	9 S. R	Jan. 13, '79	38	165	6	Law	Cath	Dem	C	Cricket	Daudet	Philosophy	Count.
Lathrope, George Haines	A	1630 Jefferson av., Scranton, Pa	3 N. D	July 12, '78	40	175	5-10	Med	Epis	Ind	W	Foot-ball	Scott	Anatomy	Gig.
Lathrope, Harry Ridgway	A	1630 Jefferson av., Scranton, Pa	3 M. D	Jan. 4, '76	40	170	5-11½	B. or L.	R. Ep	Rep	W				Harry.
Laughlin, Henry Hugart	A	{1006 Lincoln av., Allegheny City, Pa	18 U. P	July 3, '78	36.04	170	6- 1½	{Iron Bus}	Pres	Rep	W	Yachting	Scott	Economics	Thio, Hug, Hugh.
Lazarus, George Frederic	A	348 S. River st., Wilkesbarre, Pa	9 S. D	Mar. 3, '78	36	163	5- 8½	Law	Pres	Rep	C	Base-ball	Scott	Lit	Laz, Legs.
Le Boutillier, Philip	A	Englewood, N. J	2 N. D	Oct. 22, '80	37	143	5-10½	Merc	Epis	Best	W	Bicycling	Eugene Sue	Lit	{Boots, Pants, Count of Guernsey, Bortie.
Lee, Otho Scott, Jr	A	Bel Air, Md	9 S. W	July 1, '79	38	164	5- 9½		Epis	Dem		Riding	N. Carter	Pol. Econ	Biffy, Oth.
Levy, Charles	A	136 Littleton av., Newark, N. J	17 E. W	June 29, '78	32	125	5- 7	Law	Hebw	Ind	C	Base-ball	Dumas	Greek	Cholly.
Lloyd, Francis Vernon	A	329 S. 17th st., Philadelphia, Pa	9 E. W	Aug. 31, '78	39½	185	6- 1½	Bus	Epis	Rep		Foot-ball	Kipling	Bible	Frank.
Long, Ebert Mitchell	B S	Elmira, N. Y	23 William	Apr. 7, '78	42	159	6-	Phil	Pres	Rep		Foot-ball			Tide, Eb, Tongy, Shorty.
Lovejoy, Edward Daland	A	{3901 Chestnut st., Philadelphia, Pa	4 E. B	Oct. 10, —	35	137	5-11	Med	Epis	Rep	W	Fishing	Daudet	Biology	
Maltman, James	A	75 Lake View av., Chicago, Ill	9 N. D	May 26, '77	37	145	5-9	Bus	Pres	Rep		Foot-ball	Eliot	English	Jack.
May, Charles Reeves	A	1105 8th av., Beaver Falls, Pa	23 William	Apr. 3, '79	36	148	5-8		Pres	Rep		Base-ball			Chap.
McBride, Howard	A	{1614 N. Delaware st., Indianapolis, Ind	9 W. M. W	Aug. 25, '77				Teach	Cam	Mac's	W	Horse	Browning		Mac.
McCulloh, Carroll Bianchard	C E	Fort Assiniboine, Mont.	5 M. D	Sept. 16, '76	35	155	5- 9	Mining	Pres	Rep	W	Foot-ball	Stevenson	Surveying	Fudger, Cal, Cully.
McDowell, Samuel	A	Maltby, Pa	18 S. M. R	Feb. 12, '73	33	125	5- 6½	Min	Pres		C	Base-ball	Lowell	English	Pop, General, Irish.
McKee, William Carleton	A	Blairsville, Pa	8 S. M. R	July 27, '70	36	160	5-10	Law	Meth	Rep	W	Ball	Tennyson	Jurisprud'ce	{Pop, Mac, Micky, Whiskers.
McKnight, George Scott	A	{349 S. Highland av., Pittsburg, Pa	26 M. D	Oct. 9, '78	36	145	5- 9	Med	Pres	Rep	W	Tennis	Dumas	Anatomy	Mack.
Meigs, Edward Browning	A	{1322 Walnut st., Philadelphia, Pa	11 L. P	Sept. 10, '79	34	135	5-10½		Epis	Mug	W	Boating	Dickens	Biology	
Miller, Charles	A	20 Perrine av., Trenton, N. J	18 S. Ed	July 4, '76				Min	Pres		C	Foot-ball	Milton		

CLASS OF 1900 STATISTICS—CONTINUED.

NAME.	Course of Study.	RESIDENCE.	Room in College.	Birthday.	Chest Measure.	Weight.	Height.	Profession.	Denomination.	Politics.	Society.	Sport.	Author.	Study.	FAMILIARITIES.
Miller, John Norris..	A	1310 13th st., Washington, D. C...	2 W. B.	Aug. 30, '77	36	150	5-10	Law	Cath.	G. Dem.	W	Tennis	Page	Math.	Norris.
Mitchell, Arthur Herbert.	B S	23 S. Grove st., East Orange, N.J..	32 Blair	Aug. 11, '77	40	195	5-11	Law	Cong.	Rep.	C	Foot-ball	Irving	Astronomy..	Mitch.
Mittendorf, Alfred Derby.	A	140 Madison av., New York City..	7 N. W	Jan. 3, '80	35	125	5- 6½	Med	Meth.	Dem.	W	Golf	Scott.	Anatomy	Mit, Count, Bismarck.
Moffatt, James Hugh.	A	Cumberland, Md	4 N. R.	Sept. 10, '78	36	155	5-10½	Teach..	Pres.	G Dem.	W	Canoeing	Scott.	Psychology..	Grand Old Man.
Moore, Herbert Hill.	A	247 4th av., Pittsburg, Pa.	10 S. R.	Nov. 1, '78		151	6- 1	Jour.	Pres.	Rep.	W	Foot-ball	Hawthorne..	Lit.	Herb.
Morris, James Edgar.	A	16 W. 69th st., New York City....	23 M. D.	Mar. 1, '78	36	150	5-10½	Bus.	Pres.	Rep.		Riding	Kipling	Mechanics....	Jake, Goat, Willies.
Mountain, Worrell Frederick...	B S	113 Walnut st, East Orange, N. J.	32 Blair	Mar. 10, '77		161	5-11	Bus.	Bapt.	Rep.	C	Foot-ball	Scott.	History	Mons.
Murphy, Chauncey Hulbert.	A	340 State st., Albany, N. Y	15 N. W	—— — '78	40	190	6- 3	Bus.	Pres.	Rep.		Golf	Ford	Bible	Chan.
Nelbel, Charles Lewis.	A	1608 W. Second st., Dayton, O....	14 M. D.	Mar. 24, '74	38	155	5-11½	Mln.	Pres.	Rep.	C	Base-ball	Dickens..	Lit	Chad.
O'Donnell, George Harold.	A	Newton, N. J.	9 Blair	Mar. 13, '78	38	160	5-11	Law	Pres.	Rep.	W	Base-ball	Ford	History	Harry.
Oglesby, Robert.	B S	Chester, Pa..	84 Blair	July 23, —	38	172	6- 1	Law	Epis.	Rep.		Sailing.	Scott.	Prac. Astron	Bird, Bean, Ogle.
Otis, Charles Edwin.	A	Yonkers, N. Y.	6 E. B.	Sept. 11, '79	36	163	5-10	Law	Pres.	Rep.	W	Foot-ball	Hugo	Jurisprud'ce.	Oats.
Pitkin, Ward Coe.	B S	95 Locust Hill av., Yonkers, N. Y.	3 W. B.	May 31, '78	38	150	5- 9	Bus.	Pres	Rep.		Base-ball	Scott.	Physics	Pit, Pitty.
Poe, Arthur..	A	1500 Park av., Baltimore, Md.	3 W. M. W..	—— — '79	36	140	5- 6½	Bus.	Epis.	Dem.		Foot-ball	Poe	History	Runt, Dirty face, Artie, Silk Worm, Pupper.
Poole, Ralph Hutchinson.	C E	89 Lincoln Park Boulevard, Chicago, Ill	10 L. P.	Mar. 14, —	35	145	5- 9	Eng.	Pres.	S. M.	W	Foot-ball	Scott.	R'fs & Bdgs..	
Post, Morgan Bulkley.	B S	265 Gates av., Brooklyn, N. Y..	11 S. E. B	Sept. 7, '77	37	160	6	Bus.	Quaker	Rep.		Base-ball	Weyman	Physics	Mug.
Prentice, Paul Cheney	A	9 W. 16th st., New York City....	13 S. W.	Aug. 27, '79	43	190	5-11	Bus.	Pres.	Rep.	C	Golf	Page	Hum Nature	Pud.
Prieth, Edwin Stanton	A	768 High st., Newark, N. J	66 Nassau	Nov. 22, '76	38	168	5-10½	Bus.	Cath.	Rep.		Riding	Stevenson	Physics	
Rathbun, Donald Brown Stearns	A	44 Washington st., Hornellsville, N. Y.	1 E. M. W.	Mar. 27, '77	34½	135	5- 6½	Law	Pres.	Rep.	C	Base-ball	Dickens	English	Bun, Bunny, Don.
Reading, Robert Charleton.	A	Williamsport, Pa	10 N. D.	Aug. 13, '78	35	150	5-11	Med.	Pres.	Rep	W	Base-ball	Poe	Art	Chart.
Reed, David Aiken.	A	c. o. Knox & Reed, Pittsburg, Pa	12 W. B.	Dec. 21, '79	36	142	5-10½	Law	Pres.	Rep.	W	Foot-ball	J. L. Allen	Pol. Econ	Div.
Roberts, Gordon Francis.	A	17 Kent st., Brooklyn, N. Y.	15 W. W.	Aug. 5, '77	41	156	5-11		Pres.	Rep.		Tennis	Scott.	Lit	
Robertson, Charles Edward.	C E	Box 427, Scranton, Pa.	7 M. D.	Feb. 11, '76	37	160	5- 9	C. E.	Pres.	Rep.	W	Hunting	Longfellow	Eng. Lit.	Robbie.
Robinson, Alexander Blaine.	B S	Irwin av., E. E. Pittsburg, Pa...	23 M. D.	Apr. 6, '78	37	155	5-10	Bank	Pres.	Rep.	W	Foot ball		Lit	Rob.
Robinson, William McIlwain.	A	Ben Avon, Pa..	12 W. B.	June 17, '78	36	156	5-10½	Law	Pres.	Rep.		Foot-ball	Hugo	History	
Rosencras Wm. Von Blarcom.	A	Newton, N. J.	7 S. E. B.	Mar. 25, '78	36	160			Pres.		C	Walking	Hawthorne	Biology	Rosy.
Ross, George	A	Doylestown, Pa.	14 N. W.	May 28, '79	37	164	5-10¾	Law	Epis.	Dem.	W	Foot-ball	Scott.	History	Bud, Charlie.
Saks, Joseph Isadore.	B S	1310 16th st., N. W., Washington, D. C.	9 S. W. B.	July 2, '76	35	135	5- 7	Bus.		Rep.	W	Foot-ball	Shakespeare	Jurisprud'ce.	Joe.

Sanders, Henry Peter	A	912 Third av., Baltimore, Md	16 Alex	—— —, '77	35	150	5–10½	Min	Pres	Rep	W	Base-ball	Kipling	Eng. Lit		
Sawyer, Robert Burns	A	1031 Maple av., Evanston, Ill	36 N. Ed	Sept. 12, '78	34	155	5– 7	Law	Pres	Rep	W	Foot-ball	Cervantes	Economics		
Schmidt, George Plumer	B S	175 W. 58th st., New York City	17 S. W	Sept. 10, '80	36	140	5– 9	Broker	Epis	G.Dem.	W	Aquatic	Dumas			Kid, Schmidty
Schultz, Thomas Steel	B S	Pittsburg, Pa	3 N. D	Apr. 5, '79	36	135	5– 8¾	Law	Pres	Rep	W	Foot-ball	Kipling	Hist		Tommy.
Scott, Fred. Hossack	B S	Evanston, Ill	4 E. M. W	—— -- '79	36	143	5– 7½	Bus	Bapt	Rep		Foot-ball	Kipling	Physics		Freddy.
Scott, Samuel Bryan	A	6214 Wayne st., Germantown, Philadelphia, Pa	15 S. M. R	Aug. 26, '78	33	153	5–11½	Min	Pres	Rep	W	Canoeing	Stockton	Philosophy		Brevity.
Shupp, Irwin, Jr.	A	Woodside, W. Philadelphia, Pa	10 S. W	Feb. 3, '79	36½	148	5– 8½	Law	Pres	Rep	W	Tennis	Dickens	Eng. Lit		Rusty.
Siedler, George Joseph	B S	108 W. 78th st, New York City	5 W. W	Mar. 10, '78		160	6	Chem	Cong	Rep		Foot ball	Poe	Chemistry		Shot.
Sloane, James Renwick	A	109 E. 69th st., New York City	9 S. W	Jan. 25, '81	36	154	5–11	Teach	Pres	Rep	W	Foot-ball	Thackeray	Latin		Slugger.
Smith, Algernon Taylor	A	Midland, Allegheny Co., Md	8 S. R	May 15, '79	36	160	6	Law	Epis	Rep	W	Tennis	W. A. White	Math		
Smith, Charles Kern	A	633 Philadelphia av., West Pittston, Pa	1 S. D	June 11, '75	35	138	5– 9½		Pres	Rep	W	Skating	Skakespeare	Lit		Psyche, Sykes.
Smith, Henry Wilds	A	Jonesboro, Tenn	10 N. M. R	Jan. 13, '76	35	150	6– ¾	Min	Pres	Dem	W	Track	Hawthorne	Poetry		Smittie, Rooster.
Snyder, Thomas Yaeger	A	328 N. 5th st., Reading, Pa	8 W. M. W	Dec. 29, '79	36½	145	5–11	Law	Ref	Mug	C	Golf	Scott	History		Tommy.
Spaulding, Frederick Elliott	B S	Grinnell, Ia	1 W. W	Nov. 29, '77	38	157	5– 8½	Mfg	Cong			Track	Hugo	Pol. Econ		Speng.
Stone, Franklin Dudley	A	Negaunee, Mich	410 H. S	Apr. 22, '70	33	130	5– 3	Min	Pres	Rep	W	Tennis	Eliot	Philosophy		Lyman Abbott.
Stuart, Charles Herbert	A	132 Eel River av., Logansport, Ind	15 N. D	May 7, '78	35	134	5– 5	Law	Pres	Rep	W	Rlding	Kipling	Bible		Kid.
Stuart, John	C E	5206 Madison av., Chicago, Ill	11 W. B	May 23, '78				Bus	Pres	Dem		Foot-ball	Scott	Math		Stump, Runt.
Taylor, Homer White	A	5976 Alder st., Pittsburg, Pa	14 M. D	Sept. 11, —	34	145	5–4 ¼	Min	Pres	Rep	W	Foot-ball	Scott	Lit		Pitts.
Thacher, Wm. Franklin Goodwin	A	Concord, Mich.	1 E. M. W	Mar. 27, '79		135	6	Lit	Pres	Rep	C	Golf	Thackeray	English		Lengthy.
Thomasson, Nelson, Jr.	A	427 N. State st., Chicago, Ill	4 L. P					Law	Pres	Rep	W	Study		Sport		Thomy.
Thompson, William Huston	A	Ben Avon, Pa	12 W. B	May 22, '78	37	180	6	Med	Pres			Foot-ball	Tennyson	Embryology		Bill, Tommy.
Turnbull, Alexander Nisbit, Jr.	B S	1629 Park av., Baltimore, Md	16 M. D	Dec. 23, '78	38	140	5– 9		Pres	G.Dem.	W	Base ball	Poe	Eng. Lit		Neb, Nebby, Aleck, Mac, MacCraken.
Urban, Leh Roy	A	Woodbury, N. J.	10 S. W	Jan. 24, '77	35½	125	5– 3		Epis	Rep	W	Tennis	Scott	Lit		Kid, Pope.
Van Buskirk, William	A	817 Neck road, Brooklyn, N. Y.	11 N. M. R	Apr. 12, '77	36	155	5–11½	Law	Ref	Rep	C	Foot-ball	Hugo	Jurisprud'ce.		Van.
Voorhees, Stephen Francis	C E	Rocky Hill, N. J	20 M. D	Feb. 15, '78				Engin	D. Ref	Rep	C			Frd. Struct		Cy, Tank.
Waage, Frederick Oswin	A	Pennsburg, Montgomery Co., Pa	9 W. M. W	Oct. 26, '77		165	5–11	Med	Luth	Mug	C	Hunting	Kipling	Anatomy		Fritz, Doc.
Waggaman, Henry Elliott Eugene	C E	1627 19th st., Washington, D. C.	82 Blair	July 17, '79				Engin	Prot	Rep	W		Page	Beerology		Waggy.
Warren, George Atkinson	A	213 W. Park st., Portland, Ore	24 Blair	Dec. 10, '78	35	143	5– 7¾	S. Pkg	Cong	Rep	C	Golf	Scott	Law		Walpole.
Watkins, Walter Hudson	A	Chattanooga, Tenn	6 S. W	Feb. 23, '78	36	148	5– 6	Law	Pres	Dem	W	Base-ball	Thackeray	Astronomy		Watty, Runt.
Wheeler, Herbert	A	2205 St. James pl., Philadelphia, Pa	19 M. D	Jan. 7, '78	43½	180	6– 1¼	Bus	Epis	Rep		Foot-ball	Kipling	Pract. Astro		Bert, Wheel, Wheels, Herbie.
White, James Addison	A	Colgraine, Pa	17 N. W	June 26, '76	36	155	5– 8		Pres	Dem	C	Foot-ball	Hope	French		Jim.
Wicoff, John Van Buren	A	Plainsboro, N. J	9 E. B	June 9, '78	37	174	6	Law	Pres		C	Bicycling	Cooper	Mathematics		Wyck, Pop, Weary.
Wilcox, Thomas Ferdinand	A	115 W. 75th st., New York City	7 U. P	June 8, '78	31½	135	5–10¼	Broker	Epis	Rep	W	Base-ball	Doyle	Nat. Hist		Billy, Ferd, Piccolo, Bird.
Williams, Richard Claggett	A	1726 N. Culver st., Baltimore, Md	17 W. W	Oct. 16, '79	34	136	6– ½	Law	Epis	Dem	W	Bluffing	Scott	Chemistry		Tick.
Willigerod, William Dodd	C E	East Orange, N. J	4 W. W	July 6, '77	32	125	5– 8½		Pres	Dem	W	Base-ball	Kipling	History		Whistle, Willie.
Willock, John Scott	B S	414 North av., Allegheny, Pa	68 Nassau	Dec. 12, '77	34	140	5– 7	Med	Pres	Rep	W	Foot-ball		Biology		Scottie.
Witherspoon, Preston	A	115 E. Franklin st., Richmond, Va	9 Blair		40	180	6– 3		Pres	Dem						Wither, Colonel.
Wright, Albert Southard	A	333 Bellevue av., Trenton, N. J	5 E. B	Dec. 5, '77	36	150	5– 9	Law	Pres	S. M	W	Foot-ball	Scott	History		Doc.
Yeomans, Charles	A	St. Cloud, West Orange, N. J	14 N. W	Nov. 16, '77	36	145	5– 9	Brakn	Pres	Rep	W	Salling	Stevenson	Anatomy		Doc, Dutch, Hans, Beer-keg, Tank, Yoke
Zimmerman, Charles Fishburn	A	Duncannon, Pa	21 M. D	June 21, '78	38½	135	5– 5½	Min	Pres	Rep	W	Kiss-ring	Fiske	Human Nat		Zim, Zimmy.
Zimmerman, Harry Steele	A	Penbrook, Pa	21 M. D	Oct. 18, '76	38	140	5– 4½	Min	Pres	Rep	W	Dear hunting	Irving	Life		Zim, Zimmy, Pop, Hank, Eagan.

The First National Bank

has special facilities for handling

STUDENTS' ACCOUNTS,

and is handy—
directly opposite Nassau Hall.

The Only National Bank in Princeton.

REPRESENTING

The Hartford Fire Insurance Co.
The Phenix Insurance Co.
The Continental Insurance Co.
The Standard Fire Insurance Co.
The Westchester Fire Insurance Co.
The Queen of America.
The Sun Insurance Office.
The London and Lancashire.
The Phœnix Assurance Co. of London.
The Manchester of England.
Traders Insurance Co. of New York, N. Y.
Plate Glass Co.

J. W. Fielder, Jr.,

REAL ESTATE
AND
INSURANCE.

Great care taken in all insurance matters. Real estate bought, sold or rented.

The Mutual Life Insurance Co.
OF NEW YORK.
Assets, $277,517,325.36. Investment Policies a specialty.

Central Accident Insurance Co.,
PITTSBURGH, PA.

Fidelity and Casualty Co.
OF NEW YORK.
Also, WHEELMEN'S INSURANCE.

Office—PYNE BUILDING, 78 Nassau St.,
PRINCETON, N. J.

THE WABASH RAILROAD

Offers to students going WEST the best possible service at differential rates, and such students should consult the time-tables of that line before deciding on their route.

The famous CONTINENTAL LIMITED leaves New York daily at 12:45 P. M. from Franklin Street and 1 P. M. from West 42d Street, arriving DETROIT 7 A. M., CHICAGO 3 P. M. and ST. LOUIS 6:52 P. M. next day; KANSAS CITY following morning at 7 o'clock.

Stop-over privilege from one to ten days at NIAGARA FALLS.

FOUR TRAINS DAILY FROM

BUFFALO TO THE WEST.

SOLID VESTIBULED TRAINS.

PALACE SLEEPING-CARS.

RECLINING-CHAIR CARS (Seats Free).

DINING-CAR SERVICE
(Table d'Hote and a la Carte).

THE WABASH RAILROAD has been for years noted for the excellent manner in which it has handled parties of students returning to their homes in the West during vacation and holidays.

For information in regard to rates, reservation of sleeping-car accommodation, etc., apply to

H. B. McCLELLAN, Gen. Eastern Agent,
387 Broadway, NEW YORK.

J. RAMSEY, JR., Vice Pres. and Gen. Mgr. C. S. CRANE, Gen. Pass. and Ticket Agent.
ST. LOUIS, MO.

Princeton Headquarters.

Sturtevant House,

Broadway and
Twenty-Ninth Street,

New York.

WILLIAM F. BANG, ... Proprietor.

Convenient to
all parts of
the city.

ALSO,

The Kensington,

Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

H. A. & W. F. BANG, ... Proprietors.

The Medico-Chirurgical College of Philadelphia.

DEPARTMENT OF MEDICINE.

Offers exceptional facilities to graduates of Princeton University, especially to those who have taken a medical preparatory or biological course.

The instruction is thoroughly practical, particular attention being given to laboratory work and bed-side and ward-class teaching. Ward-classes are limited in size. A modified seminar method is a special feature of the course. Free quizzing in all branches by the Professors and a special staff of Tutors.

The College has also a Department of Dentistry and a Department of Pharmacy.

All Princeton University students are cordially invited to inspect the College and Clinical Amphitheatre at any time.

For announcements and information, apply to

SENECA EGBERT, M.D.,

17th and Cherry Sts., Phila., Pa. Dean of the Department of Medicine.

Everything for Dress and Street Wear.

Styles appealing particularly to the young men's fancy—in perfect accord with Fashion—and moderate prices, always.

SUITS FOR DRESS AND STREET WEAR.
FANCY WAISTCOATS.
DRESS SHOES.
SUIT CASES.
UMBRELLAS.

FULL DRESS AND TUXEDO SUITS.
GOLF AND RIDING BREECHES.
RIDING BOOTS.
MACKINTOSHES AND TRAVELING CASES.

J. MARSHALL & BALL, NEWARK, N. J.

807, 809, 811 and 813 Broad Street.

RICHARD ROWLAND,

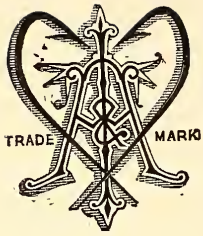
Fine Stationery,

Text Books, Blank Books, &c.

Wall Paper. Window Shades.
Artists' Materials. Fancy Articles.

Upper Pyne Building, 74 Nassau St., Princeton, N. J.

THE petty annoyances of travel are many, and these little cares very often seriously mar what would otherwise prove a most delightful outing. The trouble is you have not thoroughly posted yourself before starting. Messrs. RAYMOND & WHITCOMB, 1005 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, the well-known tourist managers and contractors, have all such data at their fingers' end, and the information is yours for the asking. Books, maps, guides and illustrated tourists and hotel literature free on application. Railway and Steamship Tickets everywhere.



Going Fishing?

In our shop you'll find the right kind of tackle—for trout or salmon, or bass or tarpon. We've made fishing tackle since 1820. We know what anglers want.

Write for the "*Illustrated Book of Tackle for 1900.*" 108 pages and 375 illustrations. If you are an angler, we'll give you the book.

Abbey & Imbrie, 18 Vesey St., New York.

William M. Leigh,

MERCHANT TAILOR.

CLOTHING,

MEN'S FURNISHINGS,

&c.

64 Nassau Street, Princeton, N. J.

Thos. C. Hill & Son,

BAKERY, CONFECTIONERY AND LUNCH PARLOR,

11 N. Broad St., Trenton, N. J.

An old-established, reliable place, founded in 1860. Weddings, Luncheons, Dinners and Receptions provided with every table requisite. Salads, Oysters, Croquettes, Boned Turkey, Terrapin, Jellied Meats, Decorated Salmon, Larded Game, Truffled Dishes, Crabs, Bouillon, Coffee and Chocolate, Ice Cream and Ices, Frozen Fruits, Sherbets, Ornamental Cakes, Jellies, Charlottes, Pastry, Spun Sugar, Fruit Confectionery, Bon-Bons, Candelabra, Silverware, Table Cloths and Napkins, Dishes, Camp Chairs, Waiters, Cooks, Musicians, Flowers, Coaches, &c., &c. Thoroughly equipped for finest work. Complete arrangements for out-of-town orders. Telephone.

HAHNEMANN

Medical College and Hospital,

Broad Street, above Race,

Established 1848.

Philadelphia, Pa.

2,500 Graduates.

PARTICULAR ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE

FOLLOWING POINTS:

1. The Four-Years' Graded Course.

2. The lengthened term of Lectures, commencing October 1st and closing in May.

3. The Complete Anatomical, Chemical, Histological, Pathological, Surgical and Obstetrical Laboratories.

4. The Unexcelled Clinical Facilities.

During the year closing March 31st, 1900, **36,779** individual patients were treated in the various departments of the Hospital. Of this number **10,833** were accident and emergency cases, and over **5,000** operations were performed. This vast amount of clinical material is utilized for the instruction of students. There are provided (1st) Six Clinical Lectures weekly; (2d) Two Operative Clinics in Surgery and Gynæcology weekly to the Senior and Junior Classes; (3d) Special Sub-Clinics, held daily, for members of the graduating class. This class is divided into four sections, each section taking six weeks alternately: (1) In General Surgery; (2) General Medicine; (3) Eye and Ear; (4) Gynæcology. Each Senior student examines patients, uses instruments of diagnosis, prescribes medicines, and performs operations under the direction of the clinical teacher.

For announcement, address

Hahnemann Medical College,

Philadelphia.

PEMBERTON DUDLEY, M.D., Dean. CHARLES MOHR, M.D., Registrar.

HUGHES' LAUNDRY

of New Brunswick, N. J.,

SETS THE STANDARD IN PRINCETON.

Twenty-five years of experience with college men.

Our wagons will continue to call at your rooms on Mondays and Thursdays.

LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONES
5307 CORTLANDT.
5308 "

INCORPORATED.

CABLE ADDRESS,
"AFFILO."

Adams and Company,

WHOLESALERS OF

PRIME BEEF, LAMB, VEAL,

Poultry, Game and Provisions.

GENERAL OFFICES,

102 BARCLAY STREET,

NEW YORK.

Abattoir, Foot of 6th Street, Jersey City.

PURE GOODS. IT PAYS TO BUY GOOD GROCERIES. FULL WEIGHT.

1845 **L. J. CALLANAN** 1900

(Successor to CALLANAN & KEMP),

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL **GROCER**

AND IMPORTER OF WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS,

41 and 43 Vesey Street, NEW YORK.

Send for a copy of my Monthly Price List.

Great Rock Island Route

Best Dining-Car Service in the World.

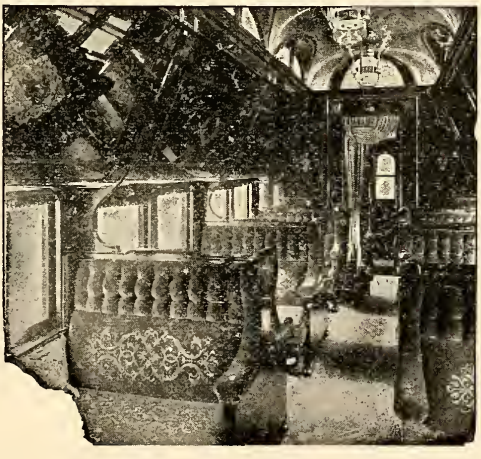
All patrons of the Line appreciate this fact.

DINING-CARS FITTED WITH THE LATEST IMPROVEMENT—A CHANDELIER OVER EACH TABLE.

The Equipment Between

Chicago, Peoria and Omaha and Denver, Colorado Springs and Pueblo

consists of the latest pattern Broad Vestibuled Sleepers, Buffet Library Smokers and Free Reclining-Chair Cars.



WRITE FOR

"Colorado the Magnificent,"

descriptive of tours in Colorado and Rocky Mountain Health Resorts.

JOHN SEBASTIAN, G. P. A., CHICAGO.

W. J. LEAHY, G. E. P. A., 305 Broadway, NEW YORK.

H. S. RAY, P. A. M. D., 111 S. 9th St., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Blakely laundering is correct.

Correct dressers prefer it.

There's a just-rightness about it which speaks of thoroughness; of years of experience; of earnest desire to furnish superior work.

For eleven years we've done most of the laundering for the students. It has pleased because of its betterness, besides which,

Students have special rates.

We loan laundry boxes, too, making collections and deliveries.

Our agents in the College will call upon you and learn your wishes.

South Warren St. The Blakely Laundry, TRENTON, N. J.

PACH BROS.,

College Photographers,

935 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Branch Establishments: CAMBRIDGE, MASS. NEW HAVEN, CONN. OCEAN GROVE, N. J. LONG BRANCH, N. J. PRINCETON, N. J.

The Princeton Bank.

1834-1900.

STUDENTS' ACCOUNTS RECEIVE CAREFUL AND COURTEOUS ATTENTION.

CAPITAL AND UNDIVIDED PROFITS, $145,000.00.

Office Hours: 9 to 3; Saturday, 9 to 12

FULL LINE OF PHOTO SUPPLIES.

PRINTING AND DEVELOPING OF AMATEUR WORK.

Edward C. Kopp,

Nassau Hotel Block, Princeton, N. J.

WHEELS SOLD, RENTED AND REPAIRED.

UP TO DATE.

THE TRENTON HOUSE

Grill—Ladies' Restaurant.

Popular prices prevail. The Leading Hotel in Trenton, New Jersey.

THE TRENTON HOUSE.

American Plan, $2.50 up.
European Plan, $1.00 up.

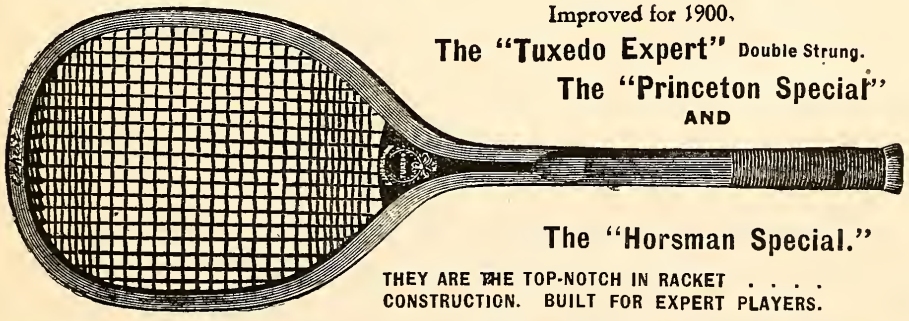
FRED'K F. KATZENBACH,
MANAGER.

C. A. WAITE,
MILLINERY
AND
FURNISHING GOODS,
70 Nassau Street,
Princeton, N. J.

UNIVERSITY RIBBONS.

Clayton's
Pharmacy,
86 Nassau Street,
Opposite the University,
PRINCETON, N. J.

Horsman's Celebrated Rackets.



Improved for 1900.
The "Tuxedo Expert" Double Strung.
The "Princeton Special"
AND
The "Horsman Special."

THEY ARE THE TOP-NOTCH IN RACKET . . . .
CONSTRUCTION. BUILT FOR EXPERT PLAYERS.

Send for Illustratrated Catalogue of Golf and Tennis. . . . . .

HORSMAN'S FINE GOLF FOR 1900.

E. I. HORSMAN, 380 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

"The Majestic"

ICE CREAM AND LUNCH PARLOR.

AMERICAN AND FRENCH PASTRY.

For Best Ice Cream, Fine Confections, Fruits, and Pure Fruit Juices at the Soda-Water Fountain, go to

ZAZZALI'S,

No. 82 Nassau Street, PRINCETON, N. J.

A good smoke guaranteed by patronizing

C. C. SKIRM,

DEALER IN

Imported and Domestic Cigars, also Imported and Domestic Briar and Meerschaum Pipes.

68 Nassau Street, Princeton, N. J.

Upholstering and Furniture Repairing.

Window Seats and Cushions Made to Order.

Frank L. Krespach,

Corner Nassau Street and University Place,

PRINCETON, N. J.

Chas. E. Seger,

PHONOGRAPHS,
GUNS AND AMMUNITION.

Agent for Columbia and Cleveland Bicycles.

LOWER PYNE BUILDING,
PRINCETON, N. J.

J. R. DRAKE,

General Stationery,

Opposite Main Entrance to College.

DREKA

FINE STATIONERY AND ENGRAVING HOUSE,

1121 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

COLLEGE INVITATIONS
STATIONERY
PROGRAMMES
BANQUET MENUS
FRATERNITY ENGRAVING

WEDDING INVITATIONS
RECEPTION CARDS
MONOGRAM AND ADDRESS DIES
COATS OF ARMS
VISITING CARDS

HERALDRY AND GENEALOGY.

COATS OF ARMS PAINTED FOR FRAMING.

Van Middlesworth & Clancy,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

Fresh and Salt Meats, Poultry, Tenderloins, Rolls and Jersey Lard,

No. 5 MERCER STREET, PRINCETON, N. J.

JACOB MOZER,
AGENT,
Harness Shop.

Repairing Athletic Goods and Harness a Specialty.

UNDER NASSAU POOL ROOM.

Valentine Arnheiter,

MERCHANT
TAILOR,

No. 40 Nassau Street.

T. J. LYNCH,

Livery
and
Boarding Stables,

163½ Nassau Street, Princeton, N. J.

Phone 172.

EITHER PHONE 592.

E. L. KERNS,

302 and 304 N. Broad St.,
TRENTON, N. J.,

Bottler of the Robert Smith Brewing Co.'s Ale, Porter and Brown Stout and Pabst Milwaukee Beer.

MONEY LOANED.

LICENSED PAWNBROKERS.

Money loaned on Watches, Diamonds, Jewelry and all personal property. All business strictly confidential.

We have a number of Unredeemed Pledges which we will sell at very low prices, such as Gold and Silver Watches, Rings, Chains, Guns, Revolvers, Clothing, Violins, Banjos, &c.

FINKLESTEIN & KRUEGER,

OLD GOLD AND SILVER BOUGHT. 11 East Front Street, TRENTON, N. J.

Something New in Photography!

25 CENTS PER DOZEN.

Cabinet pictures can be sent by mail, and enclose twenty-five cents in silver or postal note and two-cent stamp for return mailing, and we guarantee to return to you **One Dozen Miniature Photos** and the picture you send, in one week from date of receiving, that will give perfect satisfaction in every respect.

F. J. WALSH,

120 PERRY STREET, TRENTON, N. J.

SCHERMERHORN
Teachers' Agency.

Oldest and best known in U. S. Est. 1855.

Recommends skilled teachers in all departments.
Informs parents of suitable schools.

COMBINED MANAGEMENT:
P. V. HUYSSOON (late of Fisk Agency),
JOHN C. ROCKWELL, Proprietors,
3 E. 14th St., New York.

William L. Briner

(Graduate N. Y. College of Pharmacy),

DRUGGIST
AND
PHARMACIST,

44 Nassau Street, Princeton, N. J.

Voorhees & Polhemus,

WEST END
GROCERS,

No. 4 Nassau Street.

PHONE NO. 5.

William C. C. Zapf,

2 NASSAU ST.,

Printing.

PIANOS AND ORGANS TUNED AND REPAIRED.

Students' patronage desired.

A. Y. STRYKER,

Practical Plumber, Steam and Gas Fitter.

JOBBING PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.
ESTIMATES GIVEN.

No. 10 John Street, Princeton, N. J.

MARSH & BURKE,

NEXT DOOR TO POST-OFFICE,

DRUGGISTS AND APOTHECARIES

And Dealers in Perfumery, Lamps and Lamp Fixtures, Fancy Articles,
Window and Picture Glass, Looking-glass Plate, &c.
Prescriptions carefully compounded.

The continued patronage of students and the public generally solicited.

Toilet Paper.

Our Paper and Fixtures

adopted by the Board of Education of New York.

USED IN THE LEADING COLLEGES
AND SCHOOLS EVERYWHERE.

FOR PARTICULARS WRITE

A. P. W. PAPER CO.,

ALBANY, N. Y.,

or 88 and 90 Reade Street, New York City.

Estate of William C. Vandewater,

DEALER IN

HARDWARE AND HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS,

Lamps, Glassware, Toilet Sets, Razors and Fine Cutlery; in fact,
everything necessary for furnishing students' rooms.

AGENT FOR KEATING BICYCLES.

WM. D. THOMPSON,

Bakery, Confectionery and Ice Cream Parlor.

SPECIAL PRICES TO CLUBS.

120 NASSAU STREET, PRINCETON, N. J.

Repairing a Specialty. First-Class Work.

D. RICHARD,

Boot and Shoe Maker

SIGNAL BUILDING,

6 Witherspoon Street,

PRINCETON, N. J.

D. S. LLOYD,

Paperhanger

and Decorator,

Nos. 7 and 9 Nassau Street,

PRINCETON, N. J.

Tiger Billiard Parlor.

NINE TABLES.

126 Nassau Street,

Princeton, N. J.

Tables sold, rented and exchanged.
Full line of all kinds of cues.
Recovering and repairing of tables a specialty.

E. R. BRANCH, Proprietor.

Joseph P. Flynn,

MERCHANT

TAILOR,

4 Witherspoon Street, Princeton, N. J.

Cleaning, Pressing, Repairing and
Altering a specialty.

Don't forget that ESTABLISHED 1867.

ADAM G. DOHM

HAS THE FINEST

LUNCH ROOM AND RESTAURANT

IN PRINCETON.

NASSAU STREET,
Opposite First Presbyterian Church.

SPECIALTY:
Bread, Cakes, Ice Cream, &c., for Clubs.

RENWICK'S,

THE COLLEGIANS' RESTAURANT.

First-class Meals served a la Carte.
All kinds of Fish and Game in season.
Lunches, Birthday Parties, &c.

84 NASSAU STREET, PRINCETON, N. J.

Nassau Shaving Parlor

IS THE NEATEST AND BEST IN TOWN.

Fine work and cleanliness my specialty.

STUDENT TRADE SOLICITED.

CHRISTIE WHITEMAN, Proprietor.

60 Nassau Street.

Nassau Pharmacy,

ARTHUR SCHWARTZ, Ph.G.,

Cor. Nassau and Witherspoon Streets.

THE LEADING PHARMACY IN TOWN.

Scioli Bros.,

DEALERS IN

Foreign and Domestic Fruits and Confections,

No. 116½ NASSAU STREET,

PRINCETON, N. J.

Myron E. Lavake,

JEWELER AND OPTICIAN.

Cut Glass and Gorham Silver.
University Souvenirs.

72 Nassau Street, Princeton, N. J.

G. A. DOHM,

Hotel and Restaurant,

102 Nassau Street, opposite Library,

PRINCETON, N. J.

John R. Whyte,

DEALER IN

Beef, Veal, Mutton, Lamb, Poultry, &c.,

102 Nassau Street, Princeton, N. J.

Phone No. 7.

CLUB AND BOARDING-HOUSE
SUPPLIES A SPECIALTY.

ANDERSON & BENHAM,

East End House,

126 Nassau Street,

PRINCETON, N. J.

John E. Murray,

CHOICE

Groceries and Provisions,

Fresh Fruits and Vegetables

FANCY GROCERIES A SPECIALTY.

98 Nassau Street, Princeton, N. J.

Telephone 142.

Leigh & Cook

SELL

Kennedy's Crackers and Cakes, Whitman's Instantaneous Chocolates and a Full Line of Fancy Groceries.

Nassau Hotel Block,
Princeton, N. J.

Wilhelm Nehring,

TAILOR.

Suits Made to Order from $18 Up.

Guaranteed Fit and Best Workmanship.

Cleaning and Pressing a Specialty.

Lowest Price in Princeton.

WEBSTER'S

WEBSTER'S INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY

A Dictionary of ENGLISH, Biography, Geography, Fiction, etc.

What better investment can be made than in a copy of the International? In this royal quarto volume the professional and the business man, the artisan, the teacher, the student, and every family will find a mine of information, and find it arranged in a convenient form for hand, eye, and mind.

Chas. W. Eliot, LL.D., Pres't of Harvard University, says:
It is a wonderfully compact storehouse of accurate information.

GET THE BEST

The International Should be in Every Household.

It is **standard authority** of the United States Supreme Court, the Government Printing Office, and the Executive departments generally, and is more widely used than any other dictionary in the world.

Also **Webster's Collegiate Dictionary** with a Scottish Glossary, etc.
"First class in quality, second class in size."—*Nicholas Murray Butler.*

Specimen pages, etc., of both books sent on application.

G. & C. MERRIAM CO., Publishers,
Springfield, Mass.

INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY

Feuring & Brandau,

MERCHANT TAILORS,

128 Nassau Street, Princeton, N. J.

Imported and Domestic Goods constantly on hand
All work made in latest style.
Cleaning and Repairing.

Wm. W. Mershon,

Cabinet Making,
Furniture Repairing,
Window Seats and Cushions.

FURNITURE AND PICTURE PACKING A SPECIALTY.

11 and 13 John St., Princeton, N. J.

C. E. STOUT,

BOTTLER OF

Feigenspan's Beer, Ale and Porter,

PRINCETON, N. J.

Phone 194.

SHOES. HATS.

Hubbard's,

46 Nassau St.

TRUNKS. DRESS-SUIT CASES.

THE PRINCETON PRESS.

C. S. ROBINSON & CO.,

UNIVERSITY PRINTERS,

PRINCETON, N. J.

I AM PREPARED TO BUY

Second-Hand Clothing and Second-Hand Furniture for Cash.

P. RILEY,

15 Witherspoon Street, Princeton, N. J.

Orders by mail promptly attended to.

Witherspoon Hotel,

M. A. O'BRIEN, Proprietor,

14 Witherspoon Street, Princeton, N. J.

CHOICE BRANDS OF

ALES, WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS.

First-class hotel accommodation.
Good table and comfortable rooms at reasonable rates.
Headquarters for wheelmen.

Jesse Snook,

Pipes, Tobacco, Cigars and Cigarettes,

No. 114 NASSAU STREET,

PRINCETON, N. J.

Chas. C. Reppe,

CENTRAL HOTEL,

5 and 7 Witherspoon Street,

PRINCETON, N. J.

Franz Hill's Pure Malt and Hops Lager Beer.
Finest Brands of Wines, Liquors, &c.

Miller's Hotel,

39 West 26th Street,

NEW YORK CITY.

SPECIAL RATES FOR TEACHERS AND STUDENTS.

AMERICAN HOUSE RESTAURANT,

Cor. North Warren and West Hanover Sts.,

TRENTON, N. J.

Enlarged to four times its original extent and elegantly fitted up throughout. Dining room for ladies and gentlemen. Table d'hote dinner, including bottle of the celebrated St. Julian, 50 cents. All kinds of game and oysters in season. Specialty made of serving quick lunches in No. 1 style. Chops, steaks and all kinds of meats and vegetables served in quick time. Prices can't be beat. Meals at all hours, day and night

JAMES H. ROMAIN, PROPRIETOR.

8/26/2011
T 238563 5 5 00
HF GROUP - IN